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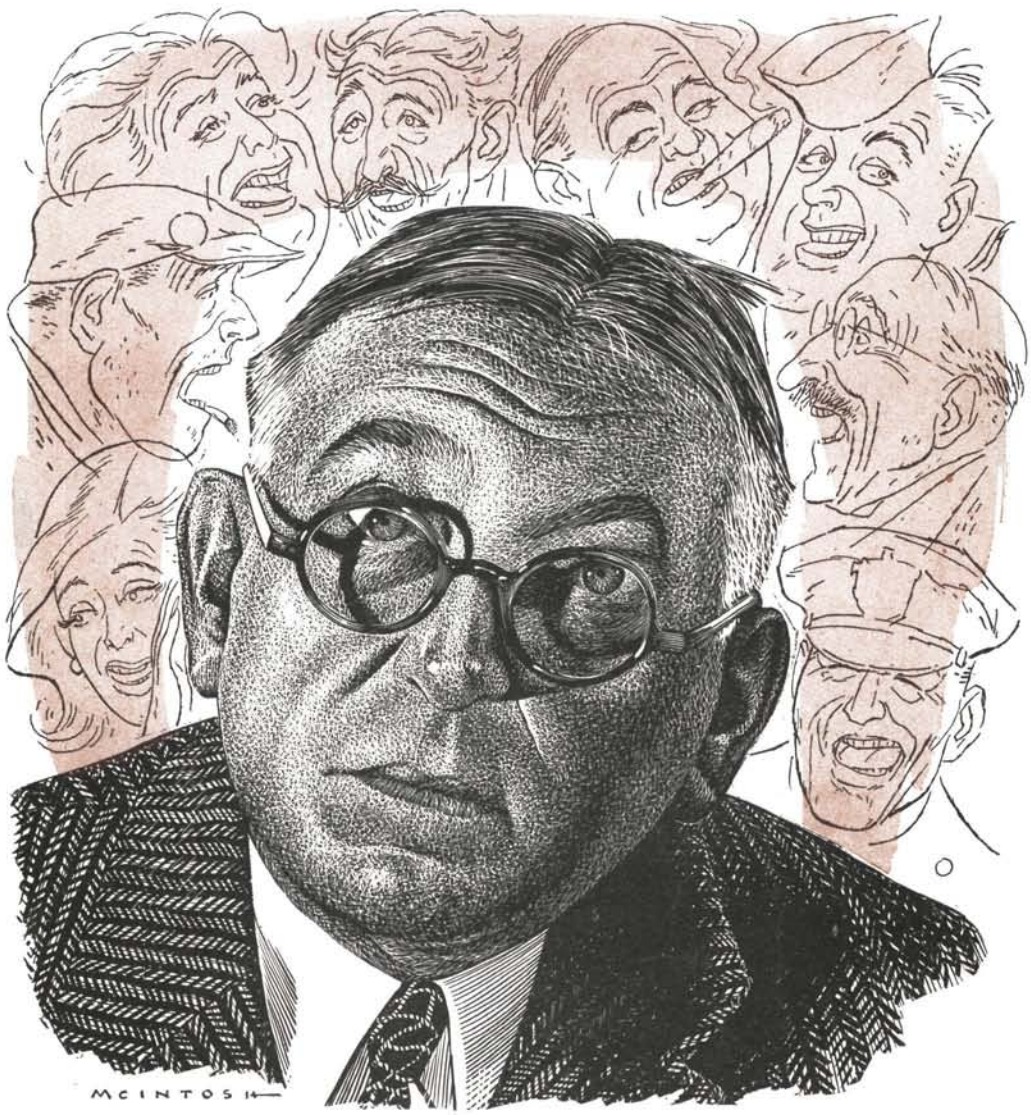

H. L. Mencken, author of "The American Language: Supplement II." (See page 14)

A Proposal To History

By THE COMMITTEE TO FRAME A WORLD CONSTITUTION

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April 3, 1948

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Features

A PROPOSAL TO HISTORY
By the Committee to Frame a World Constitution 6
LISTEN YOU FIRE FLINGERS
By Elizabeth Lomax 13

Reviews

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: Supplement II
By H. L. Mencken
Reviewed by Allen Walker Read 14
AMERICAN BUILDING
By James Marston Fitch
Reviewed by Henry Dreyfuss 15
FIFTY PHOTOGRAPHS
By Edward Weston
Reviewed by David Scherman 16
THE WORLD'S GREATEST HIT
By Harry Birdoff
Reviewed by John T. Winterich 16
THE PRICE OF POWER
By Hanson Baldwin
Reviewed by Brig. Gen. Donald Armstrong 17
RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS
By Edward Crankshaw
Reviewed by Robert Lee Wolff 18
ANOTHER SUCH VICTORY
By John D. Weaver
Reviewed by John William Rogers 19
SOME TIME NEVER
By Roald Dahl
Reviewed by Bergen Evans 20
EAGLE IN THE SKY
By F. van Wyck Mason
Reviewed by Alexander Laing 20
THE PEACOCK COUNTRY
By P. Alston Waring
Reviewed by Pamela Taylor 21
THE DAY IS GONE
By Alyse Gregory
Reviewed by James Gray 28
MISS ULYSSES FROM PUKE-PUKA
By Florence (Johnny) Frisbie
Reviewed by Ann F. Wolfe 28
A TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN
By M. P. Willcocks
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones 29
BRENSHAM VILLAGE
By John Moore
Reviewed by Pamela Taylor 30
THE LAST BILLIONAIRE
By William C. Richards
Reviewed by Raymond Walters, Jr. 31
DEAR REMEMBERED WORLD
By Meta Lilienthal
Reviewed by Aline Bernstein 32

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 4
LITERARY CRYPT 18
EDITORIAL 22
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 23
SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown 24
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 32
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton 34
LITERARY I.Q. 37
THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby 40
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 732 43

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N feathered creatures nature has provided many types of sport for man, from cockfighting to bird-watching. Popular in England for many centuries, cockfighting was banned in 1399, but later revived under royal patronage. In 1660, however, a disapproving scholar by the name of Edmund Ellis wrote a pamphlet, published by Oxford University Press, entitled *The Opinion of Mr. Perkins and Mr. Bolton, and others, concerning the Sport of Cockfighting: Published formerly in their Works, and now set forth to shew, That it is not a Recreation meet for Christians, though so commonly used by those who own that Name.* Mr. Ellis would undoubtedly have endorsed the current wide interest in bird study. Oxford offers a particularly fine selection of books for bird-watchers, amateur as well as professional.

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TRADE Winds

"WAY DOWN YONDER . . ."

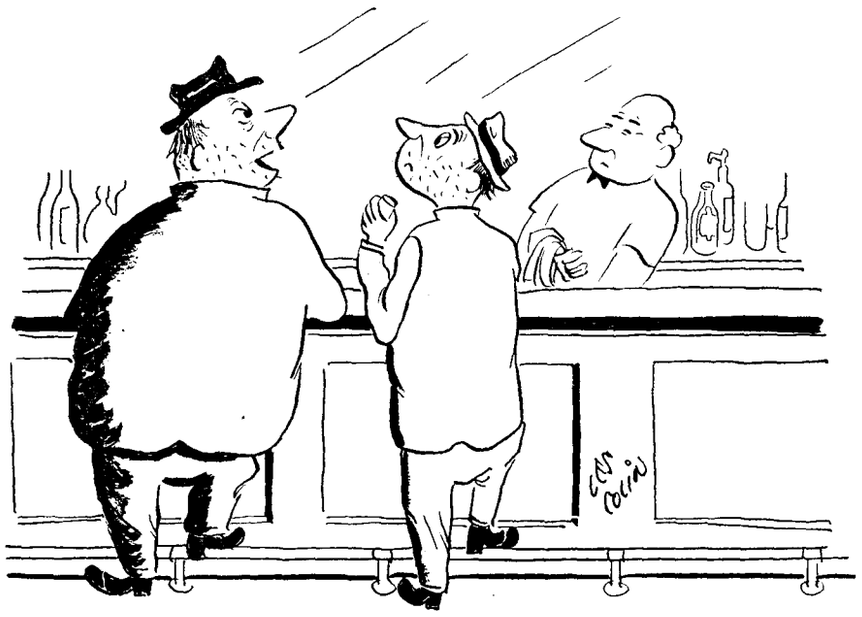
EVERY VISITOR to New Orleans, including myself, comes away babbling incoherently of its gaiety, charm, and wonderful people and food, but I wish one at least had warned me that in February and March a succession of cloudbursts and tropical storms are added for good measure. At least they were this year. I began and ended my trip in New Orleans. Both times I arrived in what a Scotchman would describe as a heavy mist. ,

The first time my wife and I came by train. I leaned cautiously out of the station door and was promptly whisked by the gale about two miles down the levee, where Kirby Newburger, millionaire cotton broker and Grover Whalen of the Crescent City, met us with an umbrella in one hand and a list of Vieux Carre hotspots in the other. "It is appropriate," quoth he, "that in weather like this we inaugurate our peregrinations with a visit to Stormy's." Stormy, it developed, was an uninhibited wench with a Grade-B bump and grind, a Grade-A torso, and an All-American press agent, who specializes in getting thrown into lakes by aroused undergraduates whenever she can persuade a photographer from Life to join the expedition. Her scientific exhibition concluded, we splashed over to the Old Absinthe House, where the superlative "Fats" Pichon played the piano, and wound up at the Beverly Country Club to see Mitzi Green. At this point everybody decided to go to bed although it was only 4 A.M.

By ten the following morning Kirby was in the thick of the crowd on the floor of the Cotton Exchange. It was the week when commodity prices were crumbling. Cotton came down as fast and persistently as the rain. Brokers concluded transactions by screaming into each other's ears and poking fingers into any convenient eye. Kirby came up to the visitors' gallery to rest his larynx. "That was a great performance you gave last night," he croaked to Mitzi Green. "So was your own performance on the floor just now," she responded. Members of the Exchange are protected by two rigidly enforced rules, however. One, nobody is allowed to bring any actual cotton onto the premises. Two, no betting is allowed. The boys can lose millions in the cotton market, but not a penny on Tulane's football team. . . .

MY SECOND ENTRY into New Orleans was more spectacular. I flew from Los Angeles in ten hours, and then spent another five trying to get out of the airport, which seemed to be located in the middle of Lake Pontchartrain. According to the Weather Bureau, 11.87 inches of rain fell that day, and most of it seemed to be coming down on me. At the height of the storm, an alarming rumor flashed through the airport. Frances Parkinson Keyes, one of the nation's most popular novelists, author of a string of fabulous best sellers, was reported to be marooned somewhere along the very River Road she had immortalized, drifting on the roof of a 1947 Nash and holding up her secretary Deanie by a hank of beautiful blonde hair. Heedless of consequences, Herman Deutsch, associate editor of The Item, and your correspondent struggled to the spot with the aid of a seagoing taxi and an abandoned Higgins landing barge, crying "Came the Cavaliers." The broadcast of her peril proved to be slightly exaggerated. Mrs. Keyes, as a matter of fact, had been rescued from the storm by a hefty boilermaker, once a bodyguard of Huey Long. We found her attired in a pair of the boilermaker's mustard-colored pajamas, a flaming red bathrobe, and a diamond necklace she had forgotten she was wearing, clutching a bottle of beer in one hand, and happily writing a 50,000-word story of her adventure with the other. "We have come to save you," we cried. "Scram," said Mrs. Keyes.

Thwarted in our attempt to rescue a lady in distress, Herman paddled disconsolately to Antoine's to press a duck, and I, clutching a valise in my teeth, swam through a sea of sharks and rival publishers to Beauregard House. I understand that Mrs. Keyes, exercising a novelist's privilege, has concocted a very different story of the night's adventures, but these are the facts, and Trade Winds readers know I seldom overstate. . . .



"Remember the good old days when it used to be fun to remember the good old days?"

NEW ORLEANS HAS PROVIDED the background for many popular novels; "Saratoga Trunk," "So Red the Rose," "Crescent Carnival," "The Foxes of Harrow," and "New Orleans Woman" come readily to mind. It also has proven a congenial refuge for writers at work. A small local magazine, "The Double Dealer," had the privilege of introducing both William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway to the reading public in 1922. Faulkner lingered on to complete his first novel, "Soldiers' Pay," before moving up to Oxford, Mississippi. Sherwood Anderson, John Dos Passos, and Oliver La Farge lived in the Vieux Carre. The Roark Bradfords have a home there today, and visitors from the book world seek them out automatically. Frank Gervasi and Barry Bingham were holding forth the evening I was there. . . .

The city is proud of the success of

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three native sons: Father Murphy, Harnett Kane, and Robert Tallant. And everybody is talking about that spectacular pair of newcomers, Tennessee Williams and Truman Capote, whose techniques and subject matter have so much in common. . . . I actually rode on the streetcar named Desire. A well-briefed conductor had no trouble identifying me. "Another tourist, hey?" he grinned. "So darn many tourists on this run nowadays there's no more room for regular passengers actually going some place!" . . . Somewhat older than Williams and Capote combined, is another famous writer of the town, Mrs. Elizabeth Gilmer. You know her better under her pen-name: Dorothy Dix.... Frances Parkinson Keyes joined the Louisiana literary set when she came down from Washington to write "Crescent Carnival." She liked it so well she settled there permanently; how she prospered is reflected in her beautiful home and an eye-catching neckpiece composed of two white-faced silver fox skins, named, for good and sufficient reason, Grosset and Dunlap. The clasp, known as John O'Connor, supplies the golden touch. Mrs. Keyes's next novel, scheduled by Messner, will be laid in the rice country west of New Orleans. "If you continue employing Louisiana landscapes and traditions for background material," she was warned, "you are liable to wind up with a stiletto in your back, plunged there by the copyright holder, Harnett Kane." "In that case," added a bystander, "I'll bet the stiletto will be autographed."....

THE BASEMENT BOOKSHOP, one of the country's best managed and best known, is located near Tulane and Loyola Universities. It is the headquarters of Tess and Bob Crager, who have launched more than one of the above-mentioned celebrities on their road to fame. Tess escorted me to my lecture at Tulane. "Quite a crowd," I beamed. "Don't be too impressed with yourself," warned Tess. "Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy are broadcasting in this hall tomorrow night, and most of these people probably came early to be sure of good seats." The Crager reception that followed was featured by an uninvited poet who butted his head playfully through showcase windows until Colonel Crager hoisted him by the collar and pitched him into an alley three blocks away—a record for the course....Other well-known New Orleans bookstores include Siler's, Hansell's, Fidelia Anding's, and a handsome new Doubleday branch, managed by Peter Novell....Kay Archer at the Maison Blanche and Lena Centanni and Elsie Fay Carson at the D. H. Holmes Company are magnets for beauty-conscious publishers' representatives. Wilbur Goubeaud of Morrow and Ray Kerry of Garden City were exercising their wiles on Kay Archer when I dropped by, making her almost forget to mention the embarrassing afternoon when she was caught between floors in a balky Random House elevator, and had to be fed by Hershey Bars and peanuts dropped down through the grillwork....

THERE IS NO ROOM here to describe the famous carnival season of New Orleans. Bob Tallant does it to perfection in his new book "Mardi Gras." Nor can I do more than mention the fabulous food at Antoine's, Galatoire's and Arnaud's—three of the most wonderful restaurants in this world. If you want to eat creole pralines at their very best, send for a price list to the Green Orchid, at 630 St. Peter Street. Brother, what a treat!....The political picture is a hopeless tangle. Just when New Orleans was congratulating itself on ousting the notorious Maestri gang and electing the outstanding "Chep" Morrison Mayor, the State of Louisiana proceeded to name as Democratic candidate for Governor (tantamount to election) Earl Long, brother of Kingfish Huey, and invite a return of practices that most citizens prefer to forget. Louisiana is the one state in the Union where election returns are announced in two languages—English and French. In any language, the return of the Long machine to power spells bad news....

Next week: New Orleans legends, Natchez, Shreveport, and the Cajun country.

BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

A Proposal to History

ON March 20 the preliminary draft of a Constitution for World Government was presented to the public (and ipso facto, its rulers everywhere) to show, subject to revision, "what a Federal Republic of the World might look like" and urgently demonstrate that peace is still a practicable possibility. The document, which was two years being drafted, was drawn up by an eleven-man committee headed by the University of Chicago's Chancellor Robert Maynard Hutchins, as president, and Humanities Professor Giuseppe Antonio Borgese, as secretary. Its work, providing the theoretical equipment for an operative world government, complements that of the United World Federalists, which has been devoting itself primarily to awakening people to their choice: an orderly system of global administration, or total destruction.

The Committee to Frame a World Constitution had its genesis during the University of Chicago Round Table broadcast Sunday, August 12, 1945—six days after the A-bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. "The alternatives now seem clear," declared Dr. Hutchins, summarizing the discussion on "Atomic Force: Its Meaning for Mankind." "One is world suicide; another is agreement among sovereign states to abstain from using the bomb. This will not be effective. The only hope, therefore, of abolishing war is through the monopoly of atomic force by a world organization."

Early the following month two faculty members, Richard P. McKeon, dean of the Division of the Humanities, and Dr. Borgese, called on him.

> A world constitution is needed [they asserted]. We do not think that a world constitution or a preliminary project will be drafted by bureaucratic or diplomatic bodies. Their motions are inhibited by statutory routines; their initiatives, even in this most openminded of nations must stop at the dogmatic wall of national sovereingty . . . There is no manifest destiny, but there is more than a symbolic value in the suggestion that the intellectual courage that split the atom should be called, on this very campus, to unite the world. We propose an institute for world government.

Robert M. Hutchins: "The alternatives seem clear: one is world suicide; another is agreement among sovereign states."

The institute, which came to be known as the Committee to Frame a World Constitution was, in its initial phase, limited to a central staff of ten to fifteen members who would submit immediately to governments and public opinion a skeletal world charter. Prerequisites for eligibility to the committee were (1) competence, recognized or recognizable, whether intellectual or intellectual and practical alike, in world affairs; (2) freedom from official obligations and political commitments impairing the independence of search and effort, and (3) an uncompromising belief in the postulate that world government is necessary; therefore it is—or must be made—possible.

While it was originally hoped to have the committee internationally representative, difficulties—political, practical, and technical—blocked the invitations extended, or ready to be extended, to scholars and statesmen abroad. Because of availability and other considerations, the committee resolved itself into a university council, with Chicago delegates unpredemitatively predominant.

In the course of thirteen meetings from November 1945 to July 1947 (and 146 preparatory documents) the group sifted down to the following members, and subsequent signers of the Constitution: Drs. Hutchins, Borgese, Mortimer J. Adler, Stringfellow Barr, Albert Leon Guerard, Harold A. Innis, Erich Kahler, Wilber G. Katz, Charles H. McIlwain, Robert Redfield, and Rexford Guy Tugwell. All save Dr. Innis are American citizens. Three—Drs. Borgese, Guerard, and Kahler—are foreign born, respectively in Italy, France, Czechoslovakia.

Their principal frames of reference were the Colonial Federalist Papers and the American, Chinese, Spanish, Russian, and Weimar constitutions—in fact, "all federal constitutions," says Thomas Mann's daughter, Elizabeth Mann Borgese, who has been a tireless assistant and researcher on the project.

In a preliminary draft of its "proclamation of principles," submitted last October for comment to about 350 authorities here and abroad, the council

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outlined its intentions and the limits of its endeavor:

> The members of the Committee to Frame a World Constitution have never thought that they could be remembered some day as the Committee that Framed *the* World Constitution. Their ambition or hope was and is to do their part in taking down to earth or, so to speak, spelling out the general movement for world government that has been growing not always in definite shapes, during these years. The problems of world government are hard and intricate. The committee felt that these problems can be best clarified in a constitutional design, intended as a concrete picture to show what a federal republic of the world, under certain conceivable circumstances, *might* look like. Thus visualized in an exact frame of government and law, the republic of the world does not look so absurd—"utopian" is the word—as defeatism maintains. Neither does it look so self-evident as frivolous optimism would prefer to believe.
>
> That the "conceivable circumstances" for the rise of a world republic are not at hand, the committee knows full well. Paramount among those circumstances should be the willingness of Russia, but not of Russia alone, to surrender sovereignty. To create these circumstances is beyond the power of any individual or group, and this committee is not a guild of miracle makers . . .
>
> Yet world government shall come—this is practically the consensus in this generation—whether within five years or fifty, whether without a conflagration or after it. In this perspective the committee's constitution is meant, no less humbly than confidently, as a proposal to history . . .
>
> In any case, it will not be immoderate to assume that this constitution should provide usable tracks for further study and discussion of the problem of world government...

Of the committee personnel, its head is among the most colorful. Dr. Hutchins startled the academic world

(Continued on page 26)

Preliminary Draft for Global Federation

THE COMMITTEE TO FRAME A WORLD CONSTITUTION

Declaration of Duties and Rights

A.

The universal government of justice as covenanted and pledged in this Constitution, is founded on the Rights of Man.

The principles underlying the Rights of Man are and shall be permanently stated in the Duty

of everyone everywhere, whether a citizen sharing in the responsibilities and privileges of World Government or a ward and pupil of the World Commonwealth:

to serve with word and deed, and with productive labor according to his ability, the spiritual and physical advancement of the living and of those to come, as the common cause of all generations of men;

to do unto others as he would like others to do unto him;

to abstain from violence,

except for the repulse of violence as commanded or granted under law.

B.

In the context therefore of social duty and service, and in conformity with the unwritten law which philosophies and religions alike called the Law of Nature and which the Republic of the World shall strive to see universally written and enforced by positive law:

It shall be the right of everyone everywhere to claim and maintain for himself and his fellowmen:

release from the bondage of poverty and from the servitude and exploitation of labor, with rewards and security according to merit and needs;

freedom of peaceful assembly and of association, in any creed or party or craft, within the pluralistic unity and purpose of the World Republic;

protection of individuals and groups against subjugation and tyrannical rule, racial or national, doctrinal or cultural, with safeguards for the self-determination of minorities and dissenters;

and any such other freedoms and franchises as are inherent in man's inalienable claims to life, liberty, and the dignity of the human person, and as the legislators and judges of the World Republic shall express and specify.

C.

The four elements of life — earth, water, air, energy—are the common property of the human race. The management and use of such portions thereof as are vested in or assigned to particular ownership private or corporate or national or regional, of definite or indefinite tenure, of individualist or collectivist economy, shall be subordinated in each and all cases to the interest of the common good.

PREAMBLE

The people of the earth having agreed
that the advancement of man in spiritual excellence and physical welfare
is the common goal of mankind;
that universal peace is the prerequisite
for the pursuit of that goal;
that justice in turn is the prerequisite of peace,
and peace and justice stand or fall together;
that iniquity and war inseparably spring
from the competitive anarchy of the national states;
that therefore the age of nations must end,
and the era of humanity begin;

the governments of the nations have decided
to order their separate sovereignties
in one government of justice,
to which they surrender their arms;
and to establish, as they do establish,
this Constitution
as the covenant and fundamental law
of the Federal Republic of the World.

Grant of Powers

1.

The jurisdiction of the World Government as embodied in its organs of power shall extend to:

a) The control of the observance of the Constitution in all the component communities and territories of the Federal World Republic, which shall be indivisible and one;

b) The furtherance and progressive fulfillment of the Duties and Rights of Man in the spirit of the

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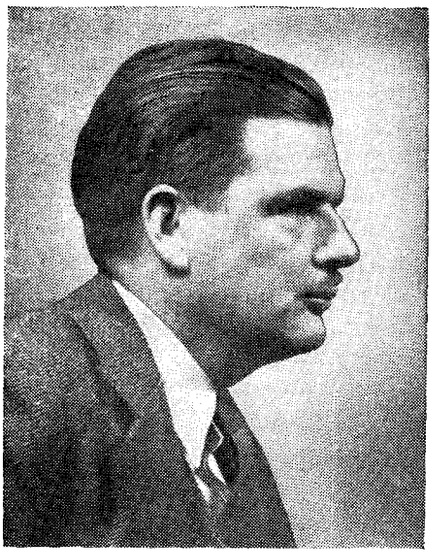

Stringfellow Barr—convert through "Union Now."

foregoing Declaration, with their specific enactment in such fields of federal and local relations as are described hereinafter [Art. 27 through 33];

c) The maintenance of peace; and to that end the enactment and promulgation of laws which shall be binding upon communities and upon individuals as well,

d) the judgment and settlement of any conflicts among component units, with prohibition of recourse to interstate violence,

e) the supervision of and final decision on any alterations of boundaries between states or unions thereof,

f) the supervision of and final decision on the forming of new states or unions thereof,

g) the administration of such territories as may still be immature for self-government, and the declaration in due time of their eligibility therefor,

h) the intervention in intrastate violence and violations of law which affect world peace and justice,

i) the organization and disposal of the federal armed forces,

j) the limitation and control of weapons and of the domestic militias in the several component units of the World Republic;

k) The establishment, in addition to the Special Bodies listed hereinafter [Art. 8 and 9], of such other agencies as may be conducive to the development of the earth's resources and to the advancement of physical and intellectual standards, with such advisory or initiating or arbitrating powers as shall be determined by law;

l) The laying and collecting of federal taxes, and the establishment of a plan and a budget for federal expenditures,

m) the administration of the World Bank and the establishment of suitable world fiscal agencies for the issue of money and the creation and control of credit,

n) the regulation of commerce affected with federal interest,

o) the establishment, regulation, and where necessary or desirable, the operation of means of transportation and communication which are of federal interest,

p) The supervision and approval of laws concerning emigration and immigration and the movements of peoples,

q) the granting of federal passports;

r) The appropriation, under the right of eminent domain, of such private or public property as may be necessary for federal use, reasonable compensation being made therefor;

s) The legislation over and administration of the territory which shall be chosen as Federal District and of such other territories as may be entrusted directly to the Federal Government.

2.

The powers not delegated to the World Government by this Constitution, and not prohibited by it to the several members of the Federal World Republic, shall be reserved to the several states or nations or unions thereof.

The Federal Convention The President, The Legislature

3.

The sovereignty of the Federal Republic of the World resides in the people of the world. The primary powers of the World Government shall be vested in:

a) the Federal Convention,

b) the President,

Erich Kahler—cryer of crisis.

—*Halsmon.*

Mortimer J. Adler—speculator on dates.

c) the Council and the Special Bodies,

d) the Grand Tribunal, the Supreme Court, and the Tribune of the People,

e) the Chamber of Guardians.

4.

The Federal Convention shall consist of delegates elected directly by the people of all states and nations, one delegate for each million of population or fraction thereof above one-half million, with the proviso that the people of any extant state, recognized as sovereign in 1945, and ranging between 100,000 and 1,000,000, shall be entitled to elect one delegate, but any such state with a population below 100,000 shall be aggregated for federal electoral purposes to the electoral unit closest to its borders.

The delegates to the Federal Convention shall vote as individuals, not as members of national or otherwise collective representations; [except as specified hereinafter, Art. 46, paragraph 2, and Art. 47].

The Convention shall meet in May of every third year, for a session of thirty days.

5.

The Federal Convention shall subdivide into nine Electoral Colleges according to the nine Societies of kindred nations and cultures, or Regions, wherefrom its members derive their powers, such Regions being:

1) the continent of Europe and its islands outside the Russian area, together with the United Kingdom if the latter so decides, and with such overseas English- or French- or Cape Dutch-speaking communities of the British Commonwealth of Nations or the French Union as decide to associate (this whole area here tentatively denominated *Europa);*

2) the United States of America,

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with the United Kingdom if the latter so decides, and such kindred communities of British, or Franco-British, or Dutch-British, or Irish civilization and lineage as decide to associate *(Atlantis);*

3) Russia, European and Asiatic, with such East-Baltic or Slavic or South-Danubian nations as associate with Russia *(Eurasia);*

4) the Near and Middle East, with the states of North Africa, and Pakistan if the latter so decides *(Afrasia);*

5) *Africa,* south of the Sahara, with or without the South African Union as the latter may decide;

6) *India,* with Pakistan if the latter so decides;

7) China, Korea, Japan, with the associate archipelagoes of the North- and Mid-Pacific *(Asia Major);*

8) Indochina and Indonesia, with Pakistan if the latter so decides, and with such other Mid- and South-Pacific lands and islands as decide to associate *(Austrasia);*

9) the Western Hemisphere south of the United States *(Columbia).*

Each Electoral College shall nominate by secret ballot not more than three candidates, regardless of origin, for the office of President of the World Republic. The Federal Convention in plenary meeting, having selected by secret ballot a panel of three candidates from the lists submitted, shall elect by secret ballot one of the three as President, on a majority of two-thirds.

If three consecutive ballots have been indecisive, the candidate with the smallest vote shall be eliminated and between the two remaining candidates a simple majority vote shall be decisive.

6.

Each Electoral College shall then nominate by secret and proportional ballot twenty-seven candidates, originating from the respective Electoral Area or Region, for the World Council; with the proviso that one-third and not more than one-third of the nominees shall not be members of the Federal Convention; and the nine lists having been presented to the Federal Convention, the Federal Convention in plenary meeting shall select by secret and proportional ballot nine Councilmen from each list, with the same proviso as above.

The Federal Convention shall also elect by secret and proportional ballot, on nominations, prior to the opening of the Convention, by such organizations, of world-wide importance and lawfully active in more than three Regions, as shall be designated [for the first election by the United Nations Assembly and subsequently] by the Council, eighteen additional members, regardless of origin; and the total membership of the World Council shall be thus ninety-nine.

7.

The primary power to initiate and public of the World shall be vested in the Council.

The tenure of the Council shall be three years.

The Council shall elect its Chairman, for its whole tenure of three years.

Councilors shall be re-eligible.

8.

Within the first three years of World Government the Council and the President shall establish three Special Bodies, namely:

a) a House of Nationalities and States, with representatives from each, for the safeguarding of local institutions and autonomies and the protection of minorities;

b) a Syndical or functional Senate, for the representation of syndicates and unions or occupational associations and any other corporate interests of transnational significance, as well as for mediation or arbitration in non-justiciable issues among such syndicates or unions or other corporate interests;

c) an Institute of Science, Education and Culture;

each of the three bodies with such membership and tenures and consultative or preparatory powers as shall be established by law and with no prejudice to the establishment of other advisory or technical agencies in accordance with the purposes stated hereinbefore [Art. 1, k].

9.

Within its first year the World Government shall establish a Special Body, to be named Planning Agency, of twenty-one members appointed by the President, subject to vetoes by two-thirds of the Council, for tenures of twelve years, [except that the terms for the initial membership shall be staggered by lot, with one-third of it, seven members, ceasing from office

—Moffett Studio

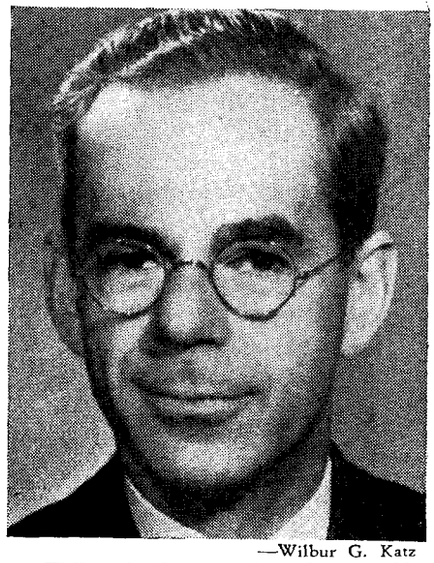
Robert Redfield—man for action.

—Paul Cordes

G. A. Borgese—trumpeter for united mankind.

—Wide World Photo

Rexford G. Tugwell—lancer with reaction.



—Wilbur G. Katz

Wilbur G. Katz—gambler despite odds.

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shall be taken and held valid if less and being replaced every fourth year].

It shall be the function of the Planning Agency to envisage the income of the Federal Government and to prepare programs and budgets for expenditures, both for current needs and for long-range improvements. These programs and budgets shall be submitted by the President, with his recommendations, to the Council, as provided hereinafter [Art. 13].

Plans for improvement of the world's physical facilities, either public or private, and for the productive exploitation of resources and inventions shall be submitted to the Agency or to such Development Authorities or regional subagencies as it may establish. The Agency shall pass judgment on the social usefulness of such plans.

Members of the Planning Agency shall not be re-eligible nor shall they, during their tenure in the Agency, have membership in any other federal body.

10.

The executive power, together with initiating power in federal legislation, shall be vested in the President. His tenure shall be six years.

The President shall not have membership in the Council.

The President shall not be re-eligible. He shall not be eligible to the Tribunate of the People until nine years have elapsed since the expiration of his term.

No two successive Presidents shall originate from the same Region.

11.

The President shall appoint a Chancellor. The Chancellor, with the approval of the President, shall appoint the Cabinet.

The Chancellor shall act as the President's representative before the Council in the exercise of legislative initiative. The Chancellor and the Cabinet members shall have at any time the privilege of the floor before the Council.

But no Chancellor or Cabinet member shall have a vote or shall hold membership in the Council, nor, if he was a member of the Council at the moment of his executive appointment, shall he be entitled to resume his seat therein when leaving the executive post unless he be re-elected at a subsequent Convention.

No one shall serve as Chancellor for more than six years, nor as Cabinet member for more than twelve, consecutive or not.

No three Cabinet members at any one time and no two successive Chancellors shall originate from the same Region.

The Council shall have power to interrogate the Chancellor and the Cabinet and to adopt resolutions on their policies.

The Chancellor and the Cabinet shall resign when the President so decides or when a vote of no confidence by the absolute majority of fifty or more of the Council is confirmed by a second such vote; but no second vote than three months have elapsed from the first.

12.

The sessions of the Council, as well as those of the Grand Tribunal and the Supreme Court, shall be continuous, except for one yearly recess of not more than ten weeks or two such recesses of not more than five weeks each, as the body concerned may decide.

13.

The budget of the World Government, upon recommendation by the Planning Agency, shall be presented every three years by the President to the Council, which shall pass it, or reject it in whole titles, by majority vote; the same procedure to apply when at other intervals the President requests additional appropriations or approval of changes.

14.

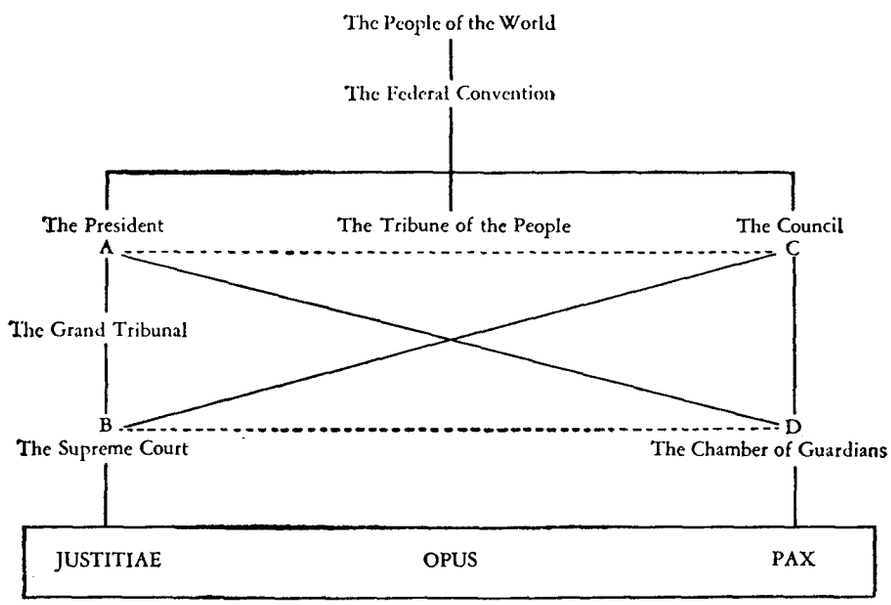
Any legislation of the Council can be vetoed by the President within thirty days of its passage. But the Council can overrule the veto if its new vote, by a majority of two-thirds, finds support, within sixty days of the President's action, in the majority of the Grand Tribunal; [and no such support shall be required during the tenure of the first President].

15.

The President can be impeached on grounds of treason to the Constitution, or usurpation of power, or felony, or insanity, or other disease impairing permanently his mind.

The vote of impeachment shall be final when three-quarters of the Council and three-quarters of the Grand Tribunal concur and the majority of the Supreme Court validates the legality of the proceedings.

If a President is impeached or resigns or dies in the interval between two sessions of the Federal Convention, the Chairman of the Council shall become Acting President until the new Convention elects a new President; and the Council shall elect a new Chairman.



Dotted line AC symbolizes intervention of Council in tenure of the President's Cabinet and Acting Presidency of the Chairman of the Council during vacancies in the Presidency.

Diagonal AD symbolizes Chairmanship of the President in the Chamber of Guardians. Diagonal CB symbolizes Council's veto power on appointments to the Judiciary and membership of the Chairman of the Council in the Tribunal and Supreme Court. Dotted line BD symbolizes intervention of the Judiciary in elections to the Chamber of Guardians.

The Grand Tribunal and The Supreme Court

16.

The supreme judiciary power of the World Republic shall be vested in a Grand Tribunal of sixty Justices, with the President of the World Republic as Chief Justice and Chairman, and the Chairman of the Council as Vice-Chairman ex officio.

The President as Chief Justice shall appoint the justices of the Grand Tribunal and fill the vacancies, subject to vetoes by the Council on majori-

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Albert Leon Guérard—advocate of world language.

Harold A. Innis—distractor for nationalism.

ties of two-thirds. He shall have power to overrule any such veto if he finds support in a two-thirds majority of the justices in office, [except that no such power shall be vested in the first President.]

No one, except the Chairman of the Council, shall hold membership at the same time in the Council and the Tribunal; nor shall a Chancellor or Cabinet member hold membership in the Tribunal or be eligible to it until six years have elapsed from the termination of his executive office.

17.

The tenure of the Chief Justice and Chairman and of the Vice-Chairman of the Grand Tribunal shall be the time of their tenure of office respectively as President of the World Republic and as Chairman of the Council.

The President shall have power to appoint an Alternate, subject to approval by the Grand Tribunal, for the exercise of such of his functions in the judiciary branch and for such a time within his tenure as he may decide.

The tenures of the sixty Justices shall be fifteen years, [except that the terms for the initial membership shall be staggered by lot, with one-fifth of it, twelve justices, ceasing from office and being replaced every third year.]

Justices of the Grand Tribunal shall not be re-eligible, except that a Justice appointed as Chancellor or Cabinet member, having resigned his membership in the Tribunal, shall be re-eligible to it for the unfulfilled portion of his tenure when six years have elapsed from the termination of his executive office.

18.

The sixty justices shall be assigned twelve to each of five Benches:

the First Bench to deal with constitutional issues between the primary organs and powers of the World Government as well as with all issues and cases in which the Tribune of the People shall decide to appear in his capacity of World Attorney and defender of the Rights of Man;

the Second Bench to deal with issues and conflicts between the World Government and any of its component units, whether single states or unions thereof or Regions, as well as with issues and conflicts of component units of the World Republic among themselves;

the Third Bench to deal with issues and conflicts between the World Government and individual citizens or corporations or unions or any other association of citizens;

the Fourth Bench to deal with issues and conflicts among component units, whether single states or unions of states or Regions, and individual citizens or corporations or unions or any other associations of citizens when such issues and conflicts affect the interpretation or enactment of federal law;

the Fifth Bench to deal with issues and conflicts, when they affect the interpretation and enactment of federal law, either among individual citizens or among corporations, unions, syndicates or any other collective organizations of citizens and interests.

Each Region shall be represented in each Bench by at least one member and not more than two.

19.

The Supreme Court shall be of seven members: five representing one each Bench, with the Chief Justice as their Chairman and the Chairman of the Council as their Vice-Chairman ex officio; and the active membership of the Benches shall thus remain of eleven each.

No two members of the Supreme Court shall originate from the same Region.

The representatives of the Benches in the Supreme Court shall be elected by secret vote of the Grand Tribunal in plenary session, with each Justice casting a ballot for five candidates, one from each Bench, and with those candidates elected who have obtained the largest vote, except that any presumptive electee shall be held ineligible whose assignment to the Court would duplicate the representation therein of any one Region or Bench.

If the first vote fails to fill all seats, the vote shall be repeated according to the same regulations.

The tenures of the members of the Supreme Court shall be: for the Chairman and Vice-Chairman the same as their tenures of office respectively as President of the World Republic and as Chairman of the Council, and for the other members six years, at the end of which each of the five elected by the Grand Tribunal may be re-elected or shall be restored to the Bench whereof he was the delegate; but no Justice shall sit in the Court beyond his regular term of membership in the Tribunal; and when the latter term expires before the regular six-year term in the Court is completed, or when an elective member of the Court resigns or dies, the Grand Tribunal shall fill the vacancy for the unfulfilled portion of the term by secret partial election in plenary session, with the same proviso as above in regard to the representation of Regions.

Regions which have not been represented in the Supreme Court for two successive six-year terms shall have mandatory precedence in the elections for the third term.

20.

The Supreme Court shall distribute the cases among the five Benches of the Grand Tribunal according to competences as specified hereinbefore [Art. 18].

Cases where competences overlap

To E E

By Lloyd Frankenberg

WHILE cannon bang
and bomerang
and diplomats
restore our hate

your poems one
by one are made.

Never about
but only of,
they celebrate a leaf,
alive,
a love.

Though woe is woe
and away is me,
they echo happily ever after
joys that do lie
too deep for laughter.

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or are otherwise doubtful shall be referred to such Bench or Benches jointly as the Supreme Court shall decide.

The Supreme Court shall have power to modify the rules of assignment for the five Benches as specified in Art. 18, subject to approval by the majority of the Council and by a two-thirds majority of the Grand Tribunal concurrently.

21.

It shall be the office and function of the Supreme Court to review the decisions of the Benches, within three months of their issuance, said decisions to become effective upon registration by the Court, or, when annulled, to be returned for revision each to the Bench which judged the case, or to another, or to others jointly as the Court may decide; annulment to be pronounced in cases of unfair trial or faulty procedure, and also for reasons of substance when final appeal was filed by the losing party, if the Court at its own discretion choose to take cognizance thereof, or by the Tribune of the People, whose demand shall be mandatory.

22.

The Grand Tribunal, with the approval of the Supreme Court, shall establish Lower Federal Courts in such number and places as conditions in the component units of the World Republic shall require, and a Federal Appellate Court in each Region. It shall also determine the rules and competences of such courts, and appoint their officials on the basis of competitive examinations.

23.

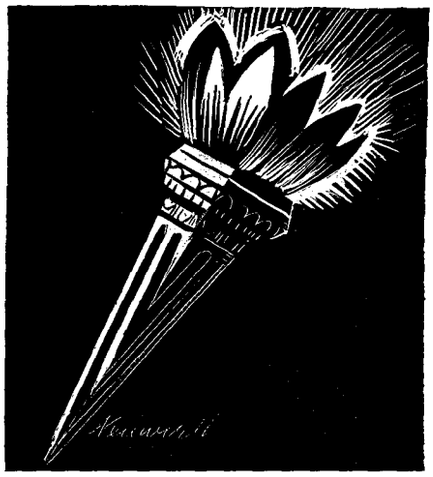
The President or his Alternate and the Chairman of the Council shall not sit as judges in cases affecting the solution of conflicts between the President and the Council.

The President or Acting President or Alternate, or a Justice or the Chairman of the Council in his capacity of Justice, shall not sit as a judge in cases involving his appointment or impeachment or demotion or tenure or in any other way affecting his particular interest.

24.

No member of the Council or the Grand Tribunal shall be liable to removal from office until a criminal sentence on charges of felony or grave misdemeanor is final. But he shall be suspended from office, pending last recourse to the Grand Tribunal, when a sentence of guilty, issued by a lower court has been confirmed by a Federal Appellate Court.

The Supreme Court shall pronounce final judgment on the legality of the



proceedings. It shall also pronounce final judgment on the legal validity of elections and appointments to the Council and the Tribunal, and to the offices of President and of Tribune of the People.

25.

The President in his capacity of World Chief Justice shall have power of pardon over sentences passed under federal law.

The Tribune of the People and The World Law

26.

The Federal Convention, after electing the Council, shall elect by secret ballot the Tribune of the People as a spokesman for the minorities, this office to be vested in the candidate obtaining the second largest vote among the eligible candidates; ineligible to the office of Tribune being any candidate having also been nominated by any Electoral College for the office of President in the current Convention, or having been a President or Acting President or Alternate or a member of the Grand Tribunal at any time in the nine years preceding said Convention, or originating from the same Region as the President simultaneously in office.

The Tribune of the People shall not have membership in the Council.

The tenure of the Tribune of the People shall be three years. He shall have power to appoint a Deputy, subject to the same ineligibilities as above, with tenure to expire not later than his own.

He shall not be re-eligible, nor shall he be eligible to the office of President or Alternate or Justice of the Grand Tribunal, until nine years have elapsed from the expiration of his present term.

The Tribune, or his appointed Deputy, shall have the privilege of the floor before the Grand Tribunal and, under such regulations as shall be established by law, before the Supreme Court; but no vote in either; and he shall not be present when a vote is taken.

27.

It shall be the office and function of the Tribune of the People to defend the natural and civil rights of individuals and groups against violation or neglect by the World Government or any of its component units; to further and demand, as a World Attorney before the World Republic, the observance of the letter and spirit of this Constitution; and to promote thereby, in the spirit of its Preamble and Declaration of Duties and Rights, the attainment of the goals set to the progress of mankind by the efforts of the ages.

28.

No law shall be made or held valid in the World Republic or any of its component units:

1) inflicting or condoning discrimination against race or nation or sex or caste or creed or doctrine; or

2) barring through preferential agreements or coalitions of vested interests the access on equal terms of any state or nation to the raw materials and the sources of energy of the earth; or

3) establishing or tolerating slavery, whether overt or covert, or forced labor, except as equitable expiation endured in state or federal controlled institutions and intended for social service and the rehabilitation of the convicted criminal; or

4) permitting, whether by direction or indirection, arbitrary seizure or search, or unfair trial, or excessive penalty, or application of ex post facto laws; or

5) abridging in any manner whatsoever, except as a punishment inflicted by law for criminal transgression, the citizen's exercise of such responsibilities and privileges of citizenship as are conferred on him by law; or

6) curtailing the freedom of communication and information, of speech, of the press and of expression by whatever means, of peaceful assembly, of travel;

paragraphs 5 and 6 to be subject to suspension according to circumstances, universally or locally, in time of emergency imperiling the maintenance and unity of the World Republic; such state of emergency, world-wide or local, to be proposed by the Chamber of Guardians and proclaimed concurrently by a two-thirds majority of the Council and a two-thirds majority of the Grand Tribunal for a period not in excess of six months, to be renewable

(*Continued on page* 37)

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Listen You Fire Flingers

By Elizabeth Lomax

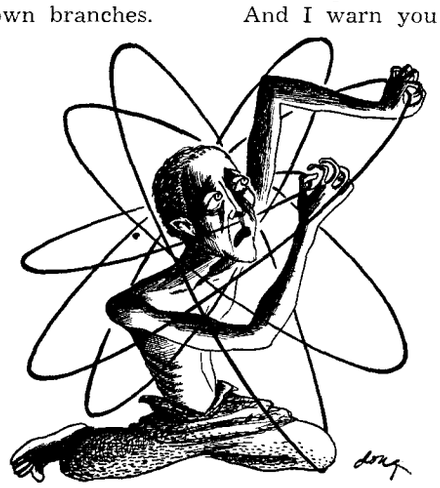
LISTEN, you fire flingers and earth shakers!
Listen to me!
Let me talk for a while.
There may be something in my point of view.

I am a woman.
I am the earth
And I am the sea.
I walk upon myself
And swim in myself.
I am not afraid of myself nor anyone else
Because I am too busy making things.
I am not afraid of myself
Nor any of the manifold creatures
That roll within me,
Or walk upon me.

I am the earth,
And I am the pear tree
Growing out of my own belly.
I am the pear tree,
And I am the oriole singing in my own branches.
I am the oriole,
And I am the young in my own nest,
And the worms in their beaks.
I am the fair freckled eggs,
And the twigs they rest upon.
I am the twigs,
And I am the saliva binding them together.

I am the earth,
And I am the sea on my own breast.
I am the sea,
And I am the whale rocking in me.
I am the whale
And the whale's teeth
Straining sea change through my mouth,
Engaging myself and savoring myself,
And enjoying all my invisible parts.
I am the whale's teeth,
And the sea anemone,
Created with the flower throat
Hungry and wide open
To engorge the marvels of the sea.
I am the sea,
Starfish and stone flower,
I am the dolphin rolling in my own belly.

I am the sea,
And I am the earth.
I am a woman, yes.
Fire healer and earth maker,
Author of the world.
Not of skyscrapers
But of stones.
Not of poems
But of the flesh of poems.
All cathedrals were copied from me,
And all humble little churches.
I life off myself
And dine on the mysteries and fomentations of my own life.



And from this food I create life anew,
And every extension of life
Feeds me anew,
Until I am rolling with dolphins,
And blowing with pears,
And flowering with songs and seasons.

So listen, you masters of ten minutes of my ten billion years,
Possessors of small parts of my flesh,
Generals and commandantes
And politicians:
Listen to me!
I ask you not to use your fire flinger.
I ask you not to singe the hair from my head,
Not to scar my face,
Not to scorch my flesh,
And char my bones.
I speak to you as the mother of many children
And beseach you:
Do not put us to the torch.
And I warn you:
We shall not die without fighting.

For the moment I want to speak to you as persuasively and as seductively
As my birds and blossoms and trees have done,
Dropping the petalled chaplets of their songs,
And the ripened bird-notes of their pears
Into your hands.
Bright and sorrowful,
I want to love you!

But if the time should come,
Fire flingers and earth shakers,
When you are no more,
And I lie cooling myself another million years,
I feel sure that my seasons and my birds
Will come again.
The spears of ice will come again.
And delicate April will lay his long green fingers on my arms,
And blow his green breath into my hair.
Aching June,
Throbbing July,
And bursting August will know me,
And September the hoary midwife . . .
The season of flowers,
The season of leaves,
And the season of fruits
Will come again,
And again will come the spears of ice.
But I shall not fear them,
Nor the mouths feeding upon me,
Nor the young beak
Ieturned to share my flesh.
Tomorrow I shall be green again,
Tomorrow I shall roll the dolphins in my belly,
And launch my songs
And my billion colored wings
Against eternity.

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Americana.

There are, as someone once observed, really two H. L. Menckens. Best known is the gadfly of the Coolidge era, whose Babbit-baiting American Mercury *was the bible of all the bright young men on the campus. The other Mencken is the painstaking scholar whose series of solid but witty volumes (the third and latest of which is reviewed below) has made him the foremost authority of the language his fellow Americans are working tirelessly to create. . . . Other media of American ideas are analyzed in two other books of the week. J. M. Fitch argues cogently in "American Building" that the dominant American thinking of every era is eloquently expressed through its architecture. The samples of Edward Weston's camerawork gathered in his "Fifty Photographs" offer persuasive evidence that photography is an art form in which Americans have excelled.*

United States English

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: SUPPLEMENT II. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 890 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by ALLEN WALKER READ

WITH the completion of Supplement II, H. L. Mencken has furnished a survey of the American Language that occupies over 2,500 pages. But the massiveness of the three volumes is less remarkable than the assembling of the thousands of bits of information, each properly marshaled in the framework. The author did not permit his flare for style to substitute for the drudgery of ferreting out facts. He has made use of material sent in by an army of correspondents. Only his prestige, worked up by thirty-eight years of devotion to this subject, could command such a large body of voluntary contributions, both in manuscript notes and in obscure references and papers. These he generously acknowledges in footnotes.

Supplement II treats of five subjects, those in the latter half of the basic work of 1936. These are pronunciation (in which the author is careful to avoid all phonetic notation), spelling, grammar, proper names, and slang.

Especially important are two geographical surveys, here first presented, one of dialect studies and the other of place-name studies, tracing them chronologically state by state. This volume, though called a "supplement," stands on its own feet and is intended to be read independently. Definitive treatments of many special topics are found throughout the text—especially his cool survey of the passionate "you-all" controversy and his dressing down of spelling reformers.

So extensive were the materials for this volume that certain appendices promised in the preface to Supplement I in 1945 have been crowded out. Let us hope that the disquisition on "American prose style" is only temporarily withheld from the world.

Those who pick this up for the sake of Mencken's own style will not be disappointed. Who but Mencken would write, concerning the place where "the best American" is spoken: "As for me, I wobble between Baltimore and Benton Harbor, inclining toward the former because it is my native place and fixed my own speech-habits, and toward the latter because it is in the same Sprachgebiet as Owosso, Mich., the birthplace of Thomas E. Dewey, whose General American is the clearest and best that I have ever heard from the lips of an American rhetorician." But such sportive pronunciamentos are easily identifiable and do not interfere with any of his material conclusions.

It is ironic that a writer who has often deliberately chosen the role of clown and zany should produce, in the three volumes here completed, one of the lasting monuments of American scholarship. But this Mencken has done. Its liveliness and readability should not prevent us from recognizing what solid work has gone into it.

In 1919 the title "The American Language" represented a bold and revolutionary experiment. Mencken was storming one of the last bastions of American colonialism. Long after we had achieved independence in matters political, economic, literary and cultural, we still felt, largely by reason of the name, that our language by rights was still England's. Mencken

THE AUTHOR: H. L. (Henry Louis) Mencken, who published a proud collection of calumny he has provoked as America's sharpest critic, neglected to compile a sequel of the adulation he has inspired. Now sixty-eight, he reviews a lifetime's iconoclasm without regret. "I was born without two things: there's no envy in me; I never change my mind." In 1941, with war near, he quit writing for the *Baltimore Sun,* with which he'd been associated intermittently since 1906, when he resigned the *Baltimore Evening Herald* editorship. "I can't write under censorship," says the indefatigable author of seven volumes of "Prejudices," begun in 1919—, a year of "The American Language" (No. 1) and "In Defense of Women"—"A Book of Burlesques," "Notes on Democracy," and "Treatise on the Gods" ("only book I ever wrote that satisfies me"), "Treatise on Right and Wrong," "A New Dictionary of Quotations," and the autobiographical "Happy Days," "Newspaper Days," and "Heathen Day." Forthcoming is an omnibus of works out of print. In 1908 he became literary critic of *Smart Set;* in 1914, co-editor. He left in '23 to start nine years' editorship of the *American Mercury,* continuing meanwhile until 1932 as contributing editor to *The Nation.* During World War I he was reviled as "un-American." He blames II on F.D.R., looks for III momentarily. "The minute war is declared the Communists will be treated like the Japs were, and a whole lot of innocent people will be roped in. An anti-Semitic movement will, of course, follow. The various war issues are all baloney. I believe in common sense, common honesty, and common decency. Hence I am unable to believe in any politician." He favors the nonprofit motive: "I have very little respect for money. . . . New Dealers are ruining labor, but the boss will survive. He always survives." He reads few novels. "In the main they seem stupid . . . addled by political ideals. I am tolerant up to the last limit, a complete realist and a complete libertarian. I have had a good time."

—R. G.

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challenged this so successfully that his case is now won even in the popular outlook. The term "American language" implies that Americans have an equality with the British in using a language of their own. But have not the facts run ahead of that position, so that it is now time for a further revision of outlook? We should have enough semantic flexibility to realize that the main body of English is now in the United States, and it is now England's English that occupies the colonial position. Perhaps we could hazard the following revised definition: The term "English language" refers to the speech of the people of the United States and Canada, together with the variant forms found in Australia, South Africa, England, and other outlying posts.

In his preface Mencken decries the possibility of a Supplement III, although he promises to keep newly acquired notes in order; but as the language moves on, will he be able to resist the urge to continue as its recorder? One hopes he will not disappoint his large following of loyal devotees.

Thinking, Architecturally Expressed

AMERICAN BUILDING. By James Marston Fitch. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 382 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by HENRY DREYFUSS

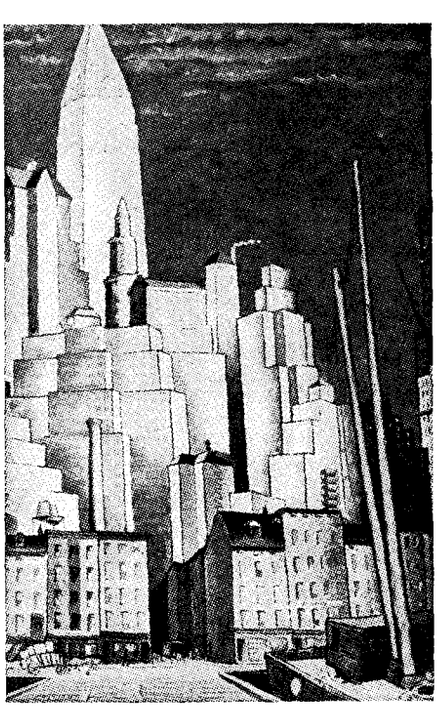
FOR A GOOD PART of his book, James Marston Fitch ably traces the visual forms of American building, past and present, as an expression of the times. This is an interesting aspect of architecture. Certainly what we normally think of as homes, schools, places of worship, business blocks, or seats of government, becomes a visual record—not between the covers of seldom-opened history books, but constantly on view, exhibiting to each succeeding generation the thinking that went on at the time these buildings were designed and constructed.

Thus the all-inclusive adoption of the Roman style was a reflection of the democratic thinking in the formative years of our American Republic. Jefferson, great patron of architecture, saw to it that the classicism of Rome replaced the Georgian arch (of Williamsburg and early Philadelphia). This "Federalist decor was a pallid and upper-class nationalism; its mere substitution of the American eagle for the profile of the British king was not sufficient."

Boston in 1820 was the cultural center of the nation, and here flourished the best in literature, philosophy, and art. Under what better pediments or behind what purer columns than those of Greece could the great intellectuals contemplate life? Mr. Fitch aptly states that

> unlike the Classic of Thomas Jefferson, however, the Greek Revival was not the exclusive property of one group; nor was it always the idiom of progress. To the contrary, it was used and discarded successively by the rising mercantile-manufacturing classes of the East, by the freeholders of Trans-Appalachia, finally by the Southern slave-owners. . . . Thus, the Great Revival appeared first in the great humanitarian renaissance in the Boston of the eighteen-twenties, becoming for a while the very language of literature, philosophy, and art. Then it swept over the mountains into the equalitarian West of Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln, where it served as the vehicle for the democratic upsurge of the rising middle class. And ultimately, turned to quite other ends than its original sponsors contemplated, it was adroitly used by Calhoun as a pedestal on which to display his monstrous "democracy of tyrants" in the South.

By 1840 we find dissatisfaction with the Greek idiom. It was "restrictive, with all the limitations of formality. Its rigid symmety,, stern affectations of simplicity, Spartan line, no longer comported well with the romantic naturalism, new-found wealth, and hearty appetites of the urban rich. As a system, it became inelastic and artificial before the complexities of industrial society." But the insecurity of our position dictated that we must embrace the traditional buildings of the past.



—"*Foothills and Peaks,* by Glenn O. Coleman.

"Necessity, as the mother of invention, produced a truly American architectural style."

We were still creating ancestors. So the anti-classicists attempted variations of Gothic, Egyptian, Italian, Tudor, or Swiss. We had best pass lightly over the years of the atrocities that came with Hudson River Gothic, the gazebo, and the jig saw. It is not agreeable to think that we descended from Classicism through such a limbo before emerging into our true expression of an architecture dictated by an industrial civilization.

The factory, practically an American invention, certainly an American institution, demanded the use of new materials, the better to accomplish greater height and increased spans. Efficiency was the paramount consideration. Esthetic standards were discarded. Necessity, in her usual role as the mother of invention, produced a truly American architectural style—one that has stood us in good stead ever since.

We can accept Mr. Fuch's premise that architecture expresses the thinking of the time in which it was conceived, for our buildings today express the freedom and functionalism of our lives, just as the Doric column expressed the spirit of Greece and as the Gothic arch expressed the spiritual reaching of the Middle Ages. Space does not permit discussion of the exlent detailed portion of Mr. Fitch's book which deals with today's trends. Most important is our conviction that buildings should be built to serve people, and that man has the right to see, hear, and feel in comfort, and to be able to work without excesss loss of motion.

Now we are in fine fettle to move forward, no longer hampered by the traditions of an old world. This era of ours can best express its democratic world spirit in buildings whose first consideration is the proper, undisguised, and frank use of available materials. We are at last safely on our architectural way.

Henry Dreyfuss, author of "Ten Years of Industrial Design," drew up plans for the interior of the Perisphere, American Telephone and Telegraph building at the 1939 New York World's Fair, as well as numerous theatrical productions from 1922-23. He is consultant designer for, among many other large corporations, Bell Telephone Laboratories, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft, and the New York Central System.

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Beauty, Truth in the Lens

FIFTY PHOTOGRAPHS. By Edward Weston. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1947. 72 *pp.* $15.

Reviewed by DAVID SCHERMAN

THERE are some photographers who refuse to dignify, or malign, their vocation by describing it as anything else but a "trade." An old-timer told me ten years ago that any man who takes pictures for a living is letting himself in for a painful disillusionment if he calls photography anything else. Nevertheless, there are others who fancy it as a "profession." These are the journalists, and the new magazines have shown that they have sound reasons for thinking themselves so—although to me the word "journalist" somehow connotes a newspaperman with an umbrella, trilby hat, and delusions of grandeur. There are still others who call photography an "industry," a few more who, through hand-tinting and other outmoded chicanery, pervert it to imitate bad salon art, and still others to whom it is just manual labor.

Standing quietly behind all these operators, coldly practical or reportorially highminded though they may be, and giving them, as usual, their inspiration and their *raison d'être,* is the artist. Stieglitz, Ansel Adams, Steichen, Abbott, Paul Strand, and all the unpicturesque, hardheaded, incorruptibles of photography, have shown the way. Edward Weston, to many the greatest American practitioner of photography as a pure art, is one of these, and to this reviewer the only fault of his new book, "Fifty Photographs," is that it is not called "850 Photographs."

Handsome, well-printed (a frequently overlooked *sine qua non* of picture books in these days of high production costs), and ably prefaced by tightly-worded appreciations of Weston by Robinson Jeffers, Donald Bear, and Merle Armitage, plus a "credo" by Weston himself, the book is an obligatory item for any serious student of photography who can afford its rather steep purchase price.

From the outset, it is a refutation in words and striking pictures of all current theories that photography is any one of several things alone: a convenient form of accurate documentation (it frequently isn't), a handmaiden to the pictorial arts, a mechanical freak, or what you will. In the words of Armitage:

> there is a timeless element in the work of Weston that relates it to all great art . . . an unselfconscious understanding of form which has been a perpetual quality in all great art from the paintings in Spanish caves to Picasso.

And if Armitage extols Weston, I hope not to the detriment of others, as one who uses the new technique of photographic printmaking to establish firmly a new esthetic truth, Robinson Jeffers looks at him as an honest thinker, an artist who has found a new medium for underwriting Keats's rarely-believed maxim that "beauty is truth, truth beauty." Weston found beauty in things that "included their accident and asperities"—the beauty of a blasted juniper in the Sierra Nevadas, of a cast-off rubber glove, of an eroded rock on Point Lobos, the beauty of a rubbish pile no less than the beauty of an unblemished nude or unblemished Death Valley dune.

Donald Bear concludes the triad of forewords with the assertion—still argued in some salons but to me settled by these sensitive prints, if nothing else—that the controversy over photography as a legitimate medium in the arts has ended. The proof, of course, lies with the critic: if the finished product shows the attempt of a thinking person to reproduce his thoughts with significant esthetic success, then the technique that produced it, no matter how mechanical, must be an art.

Weston has been known for years, thanks to our pernicious habit of typing people whose talent we don't quite understand and often fear, as an eccentric, a master technician who founded the "F.64 School," because of the tiny lens aperture with which, for greater clarity, he made his exposures. "I am not a technician," his epilogue concludes, "and if my technique is adequate to present my seeing them I need no more." Weston is a good technician, make no mistake, but "Fifty Photographs" show him to be an energetic, precise, simple, seeing man of art as well.

Under the Elm

By Roberta Teale Swartz

UNDER the elm beside the empty swing
The children stand with heads tipped back, and eyes
Fast for a wish on the prick of the first start out
Trembling in nets of daylight and apple green,
"Star-*light,* star-*bright*" in their bookless ritual.

While I, sadder and wiser, standing apart
Look down at my feet at all the colorless stones
That have danced and shall dance again to the age-long wrath,
Silently pressing my heel to the newest grass
Of the star I stand on, making my wish on the earth.

Enduring Firebrand

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HIT: UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. By Harry Birdoff. New York: S. F. Vanni. 1947. 440 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

THE PRACTICE of dramatizing a popular novel, as soon as it takes a run, has become very common," editorialized the *New York Herald* for September 3, 1852. "In the presentation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' upon the boards of a popular theatre, we apprehend the manager has committed a serious and mischievous blunder." The novel, and now the play, expressed sympathy with "pernicious abolition sympathies." The *Herald* advised "all concerned to drop the play at once and forever. The thing . . . is calculated, if persisted in, to become a firebrand of the most dangerous character to the peace of the whole country."

What more could press agent ask?

The earliest "Uncle Tom" presentation, Mr. Birdoff relates, had opened at the National Theatre less than a month earlier. Newspapers of less prophetic accuracy than the *Herald* declared in 1931 that "Uncle Tom is dead." But Mr. Birdoff disproves his demise handily. The Players' Club revived him in 1933 with Otis Skinner in the title role and Fay Bainter as Topsy — twenty thousand dollars' worth of pedigreed hounds chased Eliza across the ice. There have been later adaptations, in New York, in London, in Petrograd.

Mr. Birdoff's chronicle is sprawling and diffuse; he quotes pertinent newspaper citations and fails to date them; some of his dialogue is about as documentable as Adam's and Eve's. But he is so absorbed in his subject, so completely and unquestionably in love with "America's folk play," and so devoted and thorough a student of its lore, that his narrative is a fascinating if decidedly unprofessional history.

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The World.

The newspaper scareheads and the radio alarums of the past few weeks have started thoughtful Americans studying, as they never studied before, the enigma that is the USSR. Although Russia encompasses one-tenth of the population of the earth and its history spans three centuries, the number of informed and judicious volumes about it available in English is scandalously small. The book publishers are, of course, hastening to correct the situation. This week they have added two basic titles. For background, in "Russia and the Russians," Edward Crankshaw, British journalist and historian, offers a concise appraisal of the Russian "national character." To illuminate the urgent questions of the moment, in "The Price of Power" THE NEW YORK TIMES'S able analyst, Hanson Baldwin, compares the ec economic and military potentials of the USSR and the USA.

Analysis of Global Warfare

THE PRICE OF POWER. By Hanson W. Baldwin. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 361 *pp.* $3.75.

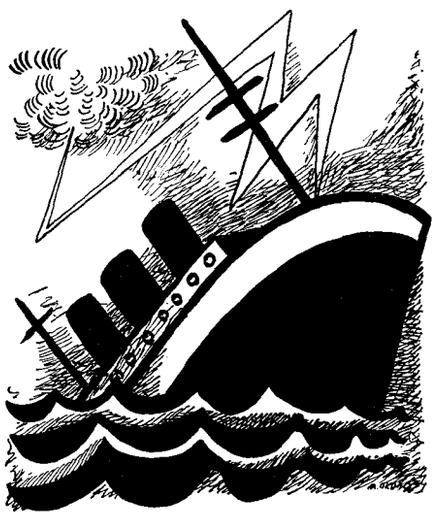
Reviewed by
BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG

AGAINST the frequently absurd and even dangerous hypotheses of self-appointed military experts, Mr. Baldwin's sober and thoughtful analysis of global warfare comes as a much needed antidote. The atomic bomb has confused the issue. It has engendered ridiculous theories and dangerous concepts, as perilous to this nation's security as the bomb itself in the hands of an enemy. If ever there was need for clear thinking about war and peace, it is now. We cannot afford the luxury of delusions. Our decisions in foreign and military policy must be based on sound premises. Mr. Baldwin's concentration for many months on the problems of modern warfare and his years of study have resulted in expert and objective deductions that will help to refute the fallacious conclusions of the wishful thinkers.

Mr. Baldwin had many helpers in writing this book. The Council on Foreign Relations organized a study group on "National Power and Foreign Policy." The goal of this group, which consisted of distinguished experts on foreign affairs, professors, economists, Army and Navy officers, and businessmen, was realistic. They determined to investigate "the meaning of the technological and political revolution to the strategic position of the United States and to determine, if possible, the consequential effects upon our military and foreign policy."

Mr. Baldwin is spokesman for the group, although he accepts full responsibility for the contents of the book. He is convinced that there is no likelihood that war will be abolished in our time. Accordingly, we must be familiar with the fundamentals of warfare. He points out that "defense" can only mean defeat and "is completely incompatible with modern reality." Because of the marked superiority of the offense over defense, the only true defense is the threat of retaliation in kind. But Mr. Baldwin knows that that is not nough to defeat an aggressor. As General Marshall pointed out in his final report, to win a war the enemy's ground force must be defeated and we must move into the enemy's territory from which he launches his attacks. This principle is repeatedly emphasized.

While excessive military weakness can invite attack, excessive military strength can precipitate war. "There is a happy mean in armaments as in politics." Mr. Baldwin questions the assumption that the United States will be the first area to be attacked in any future war, and he points out that "a large-scale invasion of the continental United States is highly improbable; and today, even impossible."



One of the most notable lessons of World War II was the evidence, with some admitted exaggeration, that "the big factories of America won the war." Our industrial strength is, therefore, of paramount importance in our military power. Maximum military efficiency, however, requires that not only our industrial resources but all phases of national life must be directed toward military strength and effectiveness. Although our industrial facilities, quantity and quality of population, raw materials, power and transportation combine to make our economic position the strongest in the world, we run the risk of confusing potential with actual power. In our economic position we have a number of weaknesses that Mr. Baldwin carefully analyzes. Our people must understand the problems of economic mobilization "for it holds the key to future victory and it can affect more basically than any other security measure the lives and liberties of all of us." We must learn to develop our economic potential with the greatest speed, for here time is of the essence.

The political situation is, of course, dominated by the fact of the "bipolar" world of today. Russia and the United States are rivals because of political, economic, and ideological differences.

> But a frank acknowledgment of conflict does not necessarily mean [writes Mr. Baldwin] that a shooting war with Russia is inevitable or even probable; certainly it does not portend its imminence. . . . We can hope, therefore, if we follow the right policies, to postpone or avert shooting war with Russia and to ease considerably the present strain and friction, but we can never hope, given the Russian Czarist traditions overlarded with Communist ambitions, to achieve really friendly, easy give-and-take relationships, so long as totalitarian Communism faces democratic capitalism.

Excellent chapters on economic mobilization, intelligence, research and development, dispersion and decentralization of industries and cities show to what degree the entire life of the nation is involved in the price of power. The book answers wisely and effectively the question of the type and amount of military strength we need. The discussion of the atomic bomb, long-range missiles, new model submarines, new gases, and the threat of biological warfare shows how greatly altered are the strategic problems facing this country.

Mr. Baldwin's estimate of the psychological and spiritual values of our people is not reassuring. It is important to note well these pages of his

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book, for man and not the machine, in spite of the importance of industry in war, is still the artisan of victory. Morale has always been of greater significance than material things and the atomic age only increases the importance we must attach to leadership and moral courage. To these we must add a knowledge of the subjects so adequately analyzed in this book. We must realize our power, but we must comprehend the new responsibilities that that power inevitably brings.

There is room for argument in some of Mr. Baldwin's assumptions and conclusions. There is little possible debate on the accuracy and authenticity of his facts. He has given us an essential aid in solving the most important and basic problem facing our country today. We may loathe the facts of international life, we may all agree that war is the most reprehensible activity of human beings, but we should know these facts and we should realize the nature of modern and future war. In many respects Mr. Baldwin's book is most unpalatable, as the truth often is, and a most depressing commentary on humanity. And yet one of the needs of today is precisely that we face these facts unflinchingly and that each one of us, like the dictator in ancient Rome, determine a course of action that will "see that no harm comes to the republic" through our neglect or ignorance. At all events, we no longer have any excuse for ignorance with Mr. Baldwin's exceedingly valuable and timely survey.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT No. 250

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 250 will be found in the next issue.

HVEY TQMTIEHOGWOQGC

YBQNYWTY QH BYMK

HOMVWU, GH PRYW KVI

AQWN G OMVIO QW ORY

EQCZ.—ORVMYGI

Answer Literary Crypt No. 249

Poverty is no disgrace to a man, but it is confoundedly inconvenient.
SYDNEY SMITH.

Introduction to USSR

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS. By Edward Crankshaw. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 223 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT LEE WOLFE

MR. CRANKSHAW, a British journalist and historian, who had wartime service in Moscow, has not only read widely about the Russian past but has dispassionately observed the Russian present. He has written a brilliant essay, with the double purpose of introducing the Russians to Western (particularly British) readers, and of sketching out the lines of a policy, which, he feels, the West might well follow in an effort to avoid catastrophe.

The bulk of the book is an attempt to describe and analyze the Russian national character, for the author assumes that there is such a thing. He poetically describes the vast Russian plain and writes sensitively and perceptively of the historic effect of its distances and its hardships upon its inhabitants. Despite its emotionalism, almost mysticism, this section of the book is sincerely and movingly written, and, in general, rings true.

In a chapter on "The Price of Victory" we are effectively reminded both of the depth of Russian suffering during the war and of the stoicism with which they met it. The survivors, we are told, want peace, but believe firmly in their system and in their destiny. The country is in effect run by the younger generation, the vast majority of course not Party members but none the less deeply patriotic for all that, which the author compares to the Catholic Church, with the Communists as its Jesuit vanguard. Although Mr. Crankshaw deplores the "destruction of individual minds" in the regime's drive for uniformity, he finds hope in the fact that the Soviet autocracy rules over a different sort of society from that over which the Tsars presided. Instead of a population composed eighty percent of illiterate peasants, fifty percent are now manual, clerical, professional, and intellectual workers, and the peasants are far more literate than they were. Crankshaw predicts that, in reading the classical attacks on autocracy written by the great Russian intellectuals of the past, the members of the new society, particularly the workers, will eventually question their own system. He even feels that Stalin hopes they may do so, and that the stringency of the regime may yet be modified. To this reviewer this speculation seems altogether too sanguine; it fails to take into account the dreadful efficiency of twentieth-century despotism. Stalin operates more effectively than Nicholas I ever could.

As in all efforts to generalize about a whole nation, the danger lies in oversimplification, of which Mr. Crankshaw has certainly been guilty. He repeatedly maintains, for example, that Russians are totally without hypocrisy. Those of us who remember the Soviet pledges to allow all anti-fascist parties full political freedom in Poland and the Balkans, and who have grown accustomed to the new meanings of "freedom-loving," "democratic," "monarchofascist," "imperialist," and the like when used by Moscow would certainly challenge this. Sometimes his generalizing leads him to write what seems perilously close to nonsense, thus: ". . . if we read the stories of Chekhov we see what happens to Russians when they lack the framework of a common belief or orthodoxy. They go to pieces." If so, what becomes of the author's own hope for the gradual modification of the regime? But the tremendous richness and diversity and rebelliousness of Russian literary achievement during the dark days of the nineteenth century ought to be enough to refute this particular sweeping generalization. At other times Mr. Crankshaw's taste for paradox leads him to draw questionable distinctions. Thus he differentiates sharply between the MVD, latest form of the Russian secret police, and the Gestapo: "The one has come into being by mutual consent between the rulers and the ruled, as a means whereby the multifarious and fearful independence of the ruled may be curbed. The other has come into being as the instrument whereby a race of cynical self-seekers have been dragooned into some kind of public service." The more one knows about the operations of police states and about Russian and German history, the less valid this distinction is likely to seem, and the

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more alike the police forces and the rationale behind them. In short, the author's description is often more successful than his analysis.

With regard to Russia on the international scene, Mr. Crankshaw addresses himself primarily to a British audience, whom he adjures to give up the historic British habit of either over-admiring or over-disliking the Russians. Writing from the point of view of a Social Democrat, he gets in some shrewd digs at the United States, especially at what he calls "the quite fantastic development .... of the new dogma of private enterprise and individualism without controls of any kind." But he does not take the position of Zilliacus and the extreme left wing of British Labor and advocate the cultivation of warm relations with Russia ahead of those with the United States. He assumes rather that, with all their differences, the United States and Britain belong primarily to the West, and that the problem of relations with Russia is one they face together. In view of this, and of his own clear realization that his countrymen were partners in atomic research and development with us, one may be permitted to register a mild protest against his reference to "Mr. Truman's private bomb." Although at the very outset of the book, he concludes that "we have either to love the Russians or to conquer them," he winds up, after his entire argument has been presented, with conclusions precisely parallel to those of his own Foreign Office and our State Department and repeatedly stated by the proponents of the Marshall plan. We must, he says, "carry on regardless, refusing to be stampeded by Russian provocation drawing a line which the Russians must not overstep. In drawing the line, he reminds us, we should not forget that the worst enemies of Communism in Europe, and our own best friends are the Social Democrats. This is a salutary reminder which can probably not be repeated too often.

Mr. Crankshaw's very brief analysis of the Soviet Union's international position suffers from his failure to consider the activities of the Communist international abroad. The necessity of drawing the line he speaks of his heavily underscored by such developments as the murder of Petkov in Bulgaria, (killed just because, we are now officially told by the Bulgarian government, we tried to prevent his execution), and by the publications of the Cominform which denounce such men as Bevin and Blum by name as enemies of the people. Despite its weaknesses, however, this is a stimulating, thoughtful, and intelligent book.

Fiction.

The themes of the five novels reviewed this week are remarkably unlike. They range from Van Wyck Mason's Revolutionary War romance, "The Eagle in the Sky," which has climbed to the top of the fiction lists with astonishing ease, to "The Peacock Country," Alston Waring's sensitive stories of the unique relationship among rich and poor in India between animals and men. John D. Weaver's "Another Such Victory" is a fictional account of the tragic invasion of Washington by bonus-seeking veterans during the last depression. Then there is Roald Dahl's "Sometimes Never," a mixture of fantasy and grim realism after the next world war. You don't have to believe in the author's "gremlins" and "widgets" to find satisfactory terror in the rest of the book.

Zigzagging the Color Line

ANOTHER SUCH VICTORY. By John D. Weaver. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 250 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN WILLIAM ROGERS

THIS BOOK is cast in the form of a novel and the author has made an acceptable job of his characters, but it is plain his first interest lies in them, not as individuals but as typical among the dispossessed persons who in the depression summer of 1932 made up the Bonus Expeditionary Force which marched on the city of Washington. John D. Weaver has set out to evoke a cross-section of those ten thousand veterans of World War I and picture what has happened to them as they hovered for weeks on the outskirts of the national capital. His story centers around an ex-newspaper man, Park Hoyt, his courageous wife, and their eight-year-old daughter, as well as their neighbors in Anacostia, one of the ill-equipped encampments that the city of Washington grudgingly allowed to be set up on its outskirts.

The action begins as a fresh company of these weary travellers, already tragic figures, arrive at Washington. It shows their pathetic attempts to create human habitations—literally combing the dumping grounds of Washington—in the bare tents loaned to them. Many of the men arriving without families did not even achieve the dignity of a borrowed tent. It is an account of the ineffectual attempts in the face of feeble leadership, no money, and general demoralization to force payment in 1932, because of the depression, of the benefits promised for 1945.

Weaver has evidently studied all the sources of information about this once-celebrated march on Washington that he could discover. He recreates the dark humiliating days with deepest sympathy for the veterans and their harassed families. He makes you feel that the move of these men was born of none too clear thinking; they acted out of desperation, and much of the hardship and humiliation they endured was needlessly caused by a frightened, callous official Washington.

He portrays the attempts at Communist agitation as part of the misfortune of the veterans, but the real villain of his book is the Fascist element in America. Hoover, in the background, cuts a sorry figure, and General MacArthur, who as Chief of Staff was finally ordered to disperse the bonus army with Federal troops, is presented briefly but spouting such mock heroics that if this incident is recalled to public mind, it should help to shatter his Presidential chances.

One can hardly read this book without being reminded of "Grapes of Wrath," and it is not surprising to find that memorable novel mentioned on the jacket. But the comparison proves not altogether happy for "Another Such Victory." While John Steinbeck told his grim story of the Okies in California in terms of people who become your first concern as liv-

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ing, breathing human beings, John D. Weaver's novel never achieves such compelling personal appeal. He is an angry man telling of a mass injustice, but in spite of the fact that he focuses sharply on certain individuals, they are individuals who are part of a crowd, and individuals whom you never really come to have a feeling for except in the crowd. They are part of that crowd when you meet them and they are still in its midst when you leave them. You become acquainted with them and learn of the bitter events which brought them there. You are outraged, but it remains an intellectual resentment of man's inhumanity to man. You are never moved and touched as you are when something happens to people you already know and in whose fortunes you are deeply interested.

Survivors of World War IV

SOME TIME NEVER. A Fable for Supermen. By Roald Dahl. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 244 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by BERGEN EVANS

SOCRATES, surveying the calamities of the Peloponnesian War and speaking for an unfortunate generation that had paid its tribute to misery, called on the leaders of Athens to establish a lasting peace. Mere bartering treaties, he cried, are not enough: "We stand in need of some more durable plan which will forever put an end to our hositlities and unite us by the ties of mutual affection and fidelity."

The cry for peace has increased through the centuries until now it includes the whole world. But the cry for war has always been stronger. Hope deferred has sickened every sensitive heart and at the moment when world peace is a possibility world war is again a probability. World War II was explained away as the result of a sort of mechanical failure in the League, something perhaps unavoidable in our first attempt at world order. But the speed with which the clouds of World War III have come over the horizon has brought dismay and despair. Maybe there is no hope. Maybe men, like gamecocks or terriers, are naturally pugnacious and wars inevitable. If so, their increasing destructiveness makes the end not only of civilization but of the human race itself inevitable — and perhaps within the span of our own lifetimes.

Mr. Dahl imaginatively explores this possibility for us, and his picture of World War III and the preparations for World War IV are grim and effective. The final catastrophe is too dreadful to be faced and is presented through subterranean concussions and a glimpse of the desolation in its wake.

The survivors, who enjoy the glimpse, are the Gremlins, tiny monsters, something like gnomes, who are assumed to have been on earth before mankind evolved and to have gone into hiding during the few millennia of our bloody regency. They first emerged into human awareness during the Battle of Britain when, for a moment, it looked as if the powers of destruction were going to triumph. Sensing their opportunity these obscene homunculi then swarmed from their burrows and attempted to destroy the Royal Air Force, that being the last, slight bulwark between mankind and chaos.

The weakness of Mr. Dahl's book lies in the cumbrousness of this supernatural machinery—with its Gremlins, Fifinellas, Widgets, Spandules, Dingbats, Snogs, Bogglers, Sunts, and so on—creatures whose very names (and their dreadful habit of "chortling") betray the forced unreality of their conception. They simply aren't in any way convincing. Gremlins, at least in the United States, were a labored creation of journalistic whimsy to which even the talent of Artzybasheff (upon whose drawings Mr. Dahl seems to have drawn) failed to give the faintest verisimilitude.

The best part of the book lies in the *un*quaint realism of little descriptive touches. There is a very fine glimpse of Air Marshals in conference. There are intense appreciations of the glory and freshness of summer mornings, such as, one suspects, were bittersweet to the young pilots climbing into their planes. There are the Spitfires "taxiing towards the end of the runway, picking their ways gingerly over the ground, bumping and swaying like clumsy birds walking upon sore feet." And, particularly, there is the description of London under the atomic blitz. Hersey's account of Hiroshima seems to have blended with personal recollections of London in the winter of 1940 and the whole presented with an imaginative suggestion of actuality that is far more terrifying than all the Gremlins that ever chortled.

The fantasy of the book invites comparison,—with Wells, Butler, Huxley, and Swift—from which Mr. Dahl must suffer. The non-fantasy parts can stand securely on their own high merits.

Bergen Evans, professor English at Northwestern University, is the author of that delightful attack on popular superstitions, "The Natural History of Nonsense."

Open Sesame

By Lloyd Frankenberg

ALL IS held
in a crystal ball:

past and future
recalled, foretold

on the converging
lens of the present;

falling through
future and past:

grass and blue
and brick wall.

A burst world
returns to itself.

Amber-ous Revolution

EAGLE IN THE SKY. By F. van Wyck Mason. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1948. 500 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER LAING

MR. MASON'S new story is jockeying, as this is written, for top place on the best-seller lists. Since the panoramic historical novel has come again to dominate the big-business aspects of publishing, and because this one has an uncommonly respectable idea, serious analysis may be in order. As structure, the book uses the related fortunes of three young surgeons during the last two years of the American Revolution: one in a privateer, another with the Army, the third serving a small town. The author thus is able to cover most aspects of the medical profession at a critical period for it and for our country. His plot, far-fetched in some aspects, is little more so than that of a near forerunner in time and subject: "Roderick Random." All three doctors are gifted and brave, but one through passionate ambition injures the others, who flee from mistaken justice and from hoodwinked true love. The three are reunited at the siege of Yorktown. Having gone over to the enemy, the villain gets his appropriate professional deserts: death by disease. The heroes are reunited with their ladies.

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The plot, then, would not handicap a richly imagined novel nor help a tawdry one—and this one is tawdry. Mr. Mason has worked hard at his period research, but has not adequately respected his findings. While loading his characters with tediously particularized tricorne or kersey, he too seldom makes the details meaningful in terms of the personality of the wearer. A Danish lady starts him on a learned recital of the kinds of craft to be seen in Danish waters. His people use a stilted period jargon, which might presently become unobtrusive if the illusion were not broken by anachronisms, such as "How come?" and "Lady Luck." Historical conversation can be successful in an idiom contemporary either to the characters or to the author. But the combination of both, as in "A Connecticut Yankee," is reserved for humorists.

What then is wrong? Chiefly, it is the author's willingness to subordinate his serious topic to a sort of dualistic, cheap concept of the requirements of romance. Ignoring the middle ground of sensibility, Mr. Mason buffets the reader at one extreme with bully-boy violence, and at the other lards him with insipid idyllics. His one substantial character, Hilde Mention, typifies this treatment. She is introduced as a starved, reluctant whore, seeking between brutal episodes the elusive memory of her own origins. Absent through most of the book, she bobs up at last as the angelic and adored mistress of a gallant French officer, who is kept from marrying her only because she lacks noble blood. And it turns out—what do you suppose?—that she has got noble blood. But poor Hilde, however unwillingly, has sinned her way from Nova Scotia to Virginia. She too must be disposed of by the convenience of fever, in the last pages.

Mr. Mason has used the appropriate nautical source books with some care, although the armchair mariner will be disturbed by such matters as a seeming uncertainty about the location of a sailing vessel's "tops," and a master's worry that a brig "headed dead into the wind's eye" might "be taken aback." On the other hand, he surely will not wonder why, every two or three dozen pages, he comes upon a thoughtfully described young female with no clothes on. It is not so easy to decide why the author, in such an ostentatious period piece, calls his privateer the *Grand Turk III*, since that vessel was sufficiently famous in her actual service in the War of 1812. And why does he name a weak-willed character Nat Fanning, at about the time when the genuine Nat Fanning was serving spectacularly under John Paul Jones?

The author uses his medical researches to better effect. Indeed, his 500 pages could be whittled down to a rather respectable 300 devoted more largely to his chief announced business. He does a little Monday morning quarterbacking on the subject of asepsis by heat and by ardent spirits, but generally he sticks to the facts of practice in 1780. At another point, shallow characterization ruins the meaning of an episode when one of the young surgeons discovers on his wedding night that his bride is syphilitic. A scene of possible profundity becomes an unbelievable, if unintended, burlesque.

It is apparent that Mr. Mason has stirred together two books which, for him, will not mix. One of them, the plight of the medical man in 1778, he could have handled respectably if he had approached the task with more integrity of purpose. The other, a costume romance, would have been handled badly anyhow by one who can let his hero muse, "How little was understood, back in staid old Connecticut, about the magnificent splendor of love in its various facets."

Exotic Friendships

THE PEACOCK COUNTRY. By P. Alston Waring. New York: The John Day Co. 1948. 100 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

IN NEW ENGLAND this small volume would be said to be "choice," and I can find no country-wide equivalent for that adjective to convey the rare and delicate beauty of "The Peacock Country." Mr. Waring, the author of these Indian tales, remarks in his brief introduction that he has sought a way in which to communicate some of what he saw and felt and heard in India to his family and friends at home. Indians, he found, had a unique relationship with animals, both domestic and wild. Not only was this true of the thousands of farmers and dwellers in small villages on the edge of the jungles, but of the Maharajahs, the great people of the courts as well, for "in India there is a lack of pretense, a kind of simplicity among the rich as well as among the poor." He is quite right in hazarding a guess that these fragile tales of the interweaving of animal and human lives create a picture of Indian life which no facts and figures on history and economic life could suggest.

In these twenty-one stories, some of them not more than two pages in length, we meet all classes of people, and many animals; the poor farmer and the cobra who lived under his one tree; the miraculous fawn which came from the jungle at the full moon to dance with the women of the Shantal villages; Dev Raj, the great, state elephant of the Maharajah, whose friend was a tiny mouse; the leopards who sprang to kill and the monkeys who stole; Dubendra, the tiny naked baby playing outside his mother's hut, who made images in the dust and gravely explained them to the great snake who watched him. We read of the lamenting cranes, mourning a king lost in a battle with a python, and of how a tiger hunt brought tragedy to the romantic and beautiful Maharanhi.

They are simple tales, tenuous, fragmentary, but as each is turned over and examined in the mind, as one might turn and regard a tiny Persian miniature or a jewel of Indian workmanship, bits of color from the life of India are struck off—the look and sound of a village at twilight, the sunset light on the Naga houses, set high above the Assam rice fields, the recollected beauty of a nobly-born woman, the blinding light of a clearing in the jungle, where an elephant has gone to die.

(Continued on page 36)

My Current Reading

In answer to *SRL*'s letter requesting a list of his current reading, General Carl Spaatz, Chief of Staff, United States Air Force, sent us the following reply which we are sure will interest our readers:

> Thank you very much for your letter and your interest in my current reading.
>
> The more I have thought about your letter, the less I feel able to give you an answer which would interest your readers. Of necessity the bulk of my reading does not consist of published works. With your permission I will withhold any such list as you have requested until I am able, at some future date, to readjust my life for the necessary leisure time in which to become aware of the world in which *The Saturday Review* is such an authoritative voice.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Centennial

NEXT May first will mark the centenary of the birth of an American who achieved distinction in two fields of endeavor which are generally, but by no means always correctly, regarded as being mutually exclusive, or at least highly incompatible — industry and letters. Law and medicine have always served, and continue to serve, as recruiting grounds for poets, novelists, essayists, and wits, not to mention pastelists and bassoon players. But the world of commerce and finance, of manufacturing and merchandising, of getting and spending, tends to stick closely to its balance sheets.

This is not to imply that businessmen as a group are lacking in esthetic sensitivity or the creative impulse. "No man but a blockhead," said Samuel Johnson (and how weary of hearing it quoted his shade must be!)— "no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." It follows, then, if this be true, that if a man makes his money by some other means, there is no need for him to write for it, and therefore there is no need for him to write at all. What would Samuel Johnson have thought of an industrialist who devoted an important share of his life to accumulating funds sufficient to enable him to devote his remaining years to writing, and then wrote?

The man was James Ford Rhodes, a native of Cleveland, who at twenty-five became associated with his father's coal and iron business, Rhodes & Company, with which the younger Rhodes's brother-in-law, Marcus A. Hanna, was also connected. "We had a good measure of success in making money," Rhodes declared later, modestly crediting his success to "the rare business ability, energy, and caution of my partners." One evening in 1877, "while reading Hildreth's 'History of the United States,' I laid down my book and said to myself why should I not write a history of the United States." Thereafter such time as he could spare from coal and pig-iron was devoted to reading and note-taking with the great objective in view. By 1884 Rhodes was "satisfied that I could safely retire from business without doing injustice to my family." It took him a little time to effect the dissociation, but by the last day of 1885 he felt that he was "a free man, so far as any claims of business were concerned." He was thirty-seven years old.

In 1893 the first two volumes of Rhodes's "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850" were published, to be followed by additional single volumes in 1895, 1899, and 1904, and two volumes in 1906 which carried the work through 1877. Two supplementary summaries followed, "History of the United States from Hayes to McKinley" (1919) and "The McKinley and Roosevelt Administrations" (1922). He died, his days well spent, in 1927.

Rhodes's achievement was the more remarkable in that his formal education was brief and somewhat casual. Burns and Whitman might have been submerged by an academic regimen, but it has never harmed an historian. Rhodes graduated from high school in Cleveland, attended the University of the City of New York (now New York University) for a year, and spent another year at the University of Chicago. He enjoyed a valuable *wanderjahr* abroad, some of it devoted to the study of metallurgy at the University of Berlin. By his own account, his haphazard scholastic career was guided by admirable teachers; his tribute to them is gracious and doubtless deserved, but fails to do credit to his own capacity for self-training.

The period in which Rhodes pioneered has been reexamined many times in the more than half century that has elapsed since the first volumes of his appraisal appeared, but, as Dumas Malone says of him in the "Dictionary of American Biography," "his work still stands as a landmark in American historiography." Two aspects of his technique will always be worth copying. He did not hold with "long involved sentences" with "a number of correlative clauses" which made it "no small labor for the reader to understand what was intended to be conveyed"; better for the writer "to indicate his meaning in the clearest manner possible" with "the use of short sentences"—this in a review he wrote soon after he himself embarked on historical writing. And he was among the first to appreciate the value of newspapers as source material.

Two years after his death, Rhodes was presented full-length in a competent study by M. A. DeWolfe Howe in which the biographer, with a modesty paralleling that of his subject, let Rhodes to a large extent portray himself by way of autobiographical fragments, comments, memoranda, and letters. In one such extract Rhodes quoted Huxley's declaration that "a man's worst difficulties begin when he is able to do as he likes." Rhodes foresaw that the mere putting by of enough money for him to do as he liked was less than half the battle; that objective attained, he had before him the doughtier one of doing as he liked whether he liked it or not—of subjecting himself to a rigorous program of research and production that would carry him through to his goal. Self-discipline may not be a more superlative virtue than faith, hope, or charity, but it is certainly as different of attainment. That is the lesson his career can teach us in this year of the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth. And his history still reads well.

J. T. W.

Tribute to Youth

By Harry Kemp

THIS only, I have learned by growing old:
That Youth was right, as it will always be:
Each year increases this one faith in me,
Driving with power that may not be controlled;
I give its full sail to the wind unrolled,
And join the onward motion of its sea.
Continuing in supreme felicity
Its banners lead me on, with victory scrolled.

Dull would I be, and old in heart and thought
(I cannot help the years) if once I failed
To hail this wisdom that long life has brought.
Still Young Occasion, instant in command,
Takes dauntless Resolution by the hand:
Youth, thank the gods, Youth always has prevailed!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Human Ancestry"

SIR: Dr. Ashley Montagu has written what purports to be a review of my "Human Ancestry" but is really a personal attack on the author. He makes no attempt to explain that the book is a scientific account of human paleontology, based on descriptions of the many types of fossil man which have now been found on all the continents. His references and innuendos are as misleading as only such an experienced propagandist could be expected to make them. He even omits mention of the foreword by Professor Hooton, for reasons perhaps best known to himself. He is, in short, so eaten up by propaganda about race that he is blinded to any scientific work that bears incidentally on the subject.

Dr. Montagu is well known to anthropologists for his propagandist tendencies. These tendencies are so ingrained that they even extend to biographies.

This crude and impudent attempt to inject the misunderstandings of racialism into a field where matters of human descent and relationships can only be determined by unbiassed scientific study could only be indulged in by one whose respect for science is in inverse proportion to his interest in propaganda. That he had a measure of success with the uninitiated is indicated by the heading of his article, "Inequality of Man." My book is solely concerned with the physical differences between the many types of fossil and living man now known to exist. It is nowhere implied that these differences in skull and stature, etc., are necessarily accompanied by differences in mentality or achievement. That is a matter for purely objective evidence, and it lies outside the province of this book. I intentionally omitted all reference to possible difference in intelligence, so that men like Montagu, to whom science is of no account so long as propaganda will suffice, would have no possible basis on which to found their specious arguments.

R. RUGGLES GATES.

Cambridge, Mass.

His Own Advocate

SIR: GBS needs no other champion than his own stinging wit. I merely point out what Robert Pick, reviewer of Frances Winwar's "The Saint and the Devil," [*SRL* Feb. 21] seems to overlook: Miss Winwar's presentation of Joan and Cauchon was not so cautiously, and more eloquently, delineated twenty-five years ago. In the 1924 preface to "Saint Joan," Shaw wrote:

> Joan of Arc . . . is the most notable warrior Saint in the Christian calendar, and the queerest fish among the eccentric worthies of the Middle Ages. Though a professed and most pious Catholic, and the projector of a Crusade against the Husites, she was in fact one of the first Protestant martyrs. She was also one of the first apostles of Nationalism, and the first French practitioner of Napoleonic realism in warfare as distinguished from the sporting, ransom-gambling chivalry of her time.

BERNITA W. SUNDQUIST.

Chicago, Ill.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Caesar has promised me a sinecure in Africa directly after the Ides of March."

Exploding a Double-Loaded Gallicism

SIR: William Rose Benét's review of Professor Quintana's "Two Hundred Poems" [*SRL* Jan. 24] is double-charged: first he sees "no *raison d'être* for this anthology" and then abjures what he conceives to be the anthologist's "*crème de la crème* of poetry." This double-loaded gallicism explodes into thin air upon initial contact with the first two sentences of Professor Quintana's preface:

> I am not under the impression that there is anything particularly significant about the number 200, nor do I believe that this book of selections contains the two hundred "best" poems in the English language. As an editor I have worked with the every-day reader in mind, and there seemed some point—for reasons that are suggested in this introduction—in trying to put together a volume of this sort, composed of a limited number of poems.

Now, if Mr. Benét had paused long enough to examine the "reasons suggested in the introduction," he would not have misconceived completely the purpose and intent of this anthological opus. He would have been touched by the fact that this is not primarily a book for the "trade," but for the classroom. And that while the editor may address himself to the general reader, in this particular "construct" the general reader is the college undergraduate coming from a prose-conditioned world and who is being inducted into the mythical realms of poetic society. Since Mr. Benét's plaint is that he has "rarely read so many accepted things said in so colorless a way," he must be reminded that what is commonplace to the votary may be revolutionary to the neophyte. As for his stricture on the prose style in the introduction, it is unfortunate indeed that he confounds the lucid with the colorless.

HENRY L. MANN.

University of Wisconsin,
Madison, Wis.

No Moral Yardstick

SIR: I have just read Mary D. Daley's letter [*SRL* Jan. 31] and would like to say there is no natural law as regards man's morals. There just ain't no such animal. If she wants proof, she need only take a good long look at the world around her. Many countries have moral codes of which she would disapprove. To say that theirs are wrong and ours are invariably right is to be smug and vain to an extreme. Further proof can be found right here in the United States. Many of our ideas which are now morally acceptable were considered highly immoral only a few years ago (women smoking, for example). Our notions of what we believe is morally correct vary from time to time and place to place.

I would like to ask Miss (or Mrs.) Daley if she thinks our legal code regarding sex is perfect. It doesn't seem likely—they are based on ideas which are just now being shown to be in error. Our whole culture complex concerned with sexual behavior leaves much to be desired.

MANNES H. FISHEL.

Baltimore, Md.

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Seeing Things

IN THE ROUND

"THEATRE-in-the-round" is the way it is described by John Rosenfield, a czar in matters dramatic and musical in the Southwest. As usual, Mr. Rosenfield's phrase is a happy one. For that is precisely the uncommon kind of make-believe which Margot Jones has been offering Dallas with a professional company at her Theatre '48 in the Gulf Oil's tiny playhouse at Fair Park.

Although I heard good things about them in both Dallas and Fort Worth (this too is uncommon), I unfortunately did not get to see such other items on the repertory at the season's end as "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Importance of Being Earnest," or "Throng O'Scarlet." But I did see "Leaf and Bough,"* a new play of some promise by Joseph Hayes. And I can only report that so genuine was my interest in the manner of the script's production that I was almost willing to overlook the many defects in its writing.

Our theatre has for so long been a theatre of the picture-frame stage that we are apt to forget any other kind of theatre either has existed or could exist. Rosamond Gilder once sagely insisted that the very name "picture-frame stage" is inaccurate. Rather, she said, our stage should be likened to a grate in a fireplace because no picture would be allowed to occupy so dropped a position in its frame as our settings do in relation to the proscenium arch.

In any case we are accustomed to gathering in playhouses in which the audience is placed on one side of the footlights and the actors are placed on the other. The physical cleavage between the two worlds is almost final.

We know, of course, about the choral space in the Greek theatres, about the wagons employed in medieval times, about the apron of the Elizabethans, and about the practice of many theatres of other periods and places. But our experience with these other stages is slight. Our knowledge of them is mainly book-born. The basic convention of dramatic realism, as we usually encounter and enjoy it, is that the front curtain in our theatres is a fourth wall. More than that, it is a fourth wall which can, at the playwright's discretion, be removed, and which by its removal permits us to spy on people who, so far as is possible, are behaving and talking precisely as they would if this fourth wall were still in place. It is under this mandate of make-believe that our theatre operates. It is the illusion upon which all of its other illusions most often depend.

How imprisoning is our peep-show stage and how refreshing an escape from its conventions can be, I had not guessed until I saw Miss Jones's production of "Leaf and Bough." Miss Jones is offering Dallas her repertory in a theatre totally different from our ordinary playhouses. She is experimenting with the kind of stage-and-audience relationship which Glenn Hughes has long employed with success in his pent-house theatre in Seattle. Since, however, I have never been lucky enough to see one of Mr. Hughes's productions, and I have seen one of Miss Jones's, it is Miss Jones that I must thank for initiating me into what are the possibilities, the excitements, and the pleasures of "theatre-in-the-round."

The Gulf Oil's playhouse in Dallas is a small one. Its seating capacity is 198. In other words, its size would, even if it were arranged in the traditional way, make it what is known as "intimate." But the genuine and novel intimacy created by Miss Jones in her productions is not the result of a theatre's lack size. It is the quite deliberate product of a seating-and-playing arrangement which alters—and alters utterly—the accepted relationship between spectators and actors.

—Press Association

"Margo Jones's direction is almost unfailingly sure and inventive."

Miss Jones's stage is not stuck off at one end of an auditorium. It is very much in the centre of things in a room shaped like a trapezoid. Three tiers of seats at two sides, five tiers at the other two sides, surround it. The spectators must cross the fringes of the acting area to reach their places. There is no curtain, except for the darkness which precedes a scene. There are no footlights. There is only a hooded battery of baby spots directly over the stage. These pick out whatever sector the action may require.

I must admit that, before the beginning of "Leaf and Bough," I had my doubts as to what I was about to see. The arrangement both of the auditorium and the stage smacked suspiciously of a stunt. In one corner of the acting area, within breathing distance from me to be exact, were a few chairs and a table to indicate a room. At the opposite corner were a few more chairs and a sofa to suggest a room in another house. Between them was a small arch, covered with gray material, which I soon learned was to do valiant duty as a hill.

Although curious about what I was in for, I cannot pretend I was happy. Somewhere I had acquired the erroneous notion that Miss Jones's company was an amateur group, and hell, as I am afraid I see it, is thickly populated with amateur actors. Somehow, too, I distrusted the whole set-up. It smacked of arty-ness, which in itself can be a plague.

But I was wrong. Totally, hopelessly, and happily wrong. Miss Jones's company turned out to be a group of reliable professionals. Her own direction was almost unfailingly sure and inventive. And her experiment with illusion opened for me at least unsuspected windows wide on what can be stuffy and is seldom ventilated in theatre practice.

I cannot say that I admired the whole of Mr. Hayes's play, although "Leaf and Bough" is the right kind of play for such a theatre to produce. It is a genre study of human unhappiness; a picture of unfulfilled age opposing hopeful youth; and of youth at war with youth, which promises more than it achieves. It has its good moments, and its hints of many more, as it tells how one brother struggles in vain to keep another brother from

LEAF AND BOUGH, a new play by Joseph Hayes. Directed by Margot Jones. Presented by Theatre '48. With a cast including Mary Finney, George Mitchell, Katherine Squire, Benedict MacQuarrie, Frances Waller, Betty Greene Little, Wilson Brooks, Jack Warden, Tod Andrews. At the Gulf Oil Theatre, Dallas, Texas.

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"BRISK, EXUBERANT, DELIGHTFUL." —Morehouse, Sun
JOSEPH M. HYMAN presents
Make Mine Manhattan
The Gay New Musical Revue
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
Sketches & Lyrics by ARNOLD B. HORWITT • Music by RICHARD LEWINE
BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"JUDITH ANDERSON IS MAGNIFICENT." —Garland, Journal-American
ROBERT WHITEHEAD & OLIVER REA present
JUDITH ANDERSON · DENNIS KING · FLORENCE REED
in "MEDEA"
Adapted by ROBINSON JEFFERS
Staged by JOHN GIELGUD
ROYALE, 45 St. W. of B'way • Mats., Wed. & Sat.

IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
with JESSICA TANDY
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"TOPS IN TOON—SCOTCH AND SO-DA-LIGHTFUL."—Walter Winchell
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL
BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
with DAVID BROOKS • PAMELA BRITTON
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • ALBERT RUIZ
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St, Eves 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

"HERE'S A HAPPY HIT." Garland, Jrn'l-Amer.
MARJORIE and SHERMAN EWING present
THE HARTMANS & HANK LADD
in The Smash Musical Revue
ANGEL IN THE WINGS
CORONET Thea., W. 49 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A DIRECT HIT" WINCHELL PAUL KELLY in COMMAND DECISION
with JAY FASSETT • PAUL McGRATH
FULTON · W 46 ST. EVES. incl. SUN. 8:40 · NO MON. PERF.
MATS. SAT. & SUN.

marrying the girl of his choice. But commendable as are its scenes of family life, it proves murky, inept, and wordy when it endeavors to advance its plot.

This much I do know, however. I found the production of "Leaf and Bough" absorbing. I realized that for once I was in a theatre where actors cannot cheat; where they must listen as players seldom listen; and where they must be as true in their postures from the back or side as they are in their facial expressions or their voices. I discovered, too, that at Theatre '48 performers were merged to a degree not even guessed at in our customary auditoriums. More than being spectators, playgoers had for once come close to being participants. Moreover, I felt the joys of that stimulating pleasure which the theatre seldom grants to us who sit out front. I mean the pleasure which comes from having the imagination called upon to do its contributive work instead of being dismissed from active duty.

How many plays could be produced under such conditions I can no more say than I could predict the speed with which I would tire of performances of this kind. I can merely pass on the word of those willing to swear that Ibsen and Wilde, who certainly did not write for this kind of stage, gain by being played on it. After having seen "Leaf and Bough," I am almost prepared to believe them.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Night Flight

By HELEN BEVINGTON

STARS I could reasonably explain
At wing tip, in the hastening flight
Of constellation and of plane,
In the propinquity of night
And starlight, in the upward air.
I thought stars were appointed there,
And finding measureless their worth
As company to cross the sky,
Among them I forgot the earth.
It was a foolish lapse. But I
Before had little cause to know
The world illuminated so.
Then suddenly it lay beneath
Us, glittering, kindled into light,
A million points that took my breath,
A million patterned in the night
To lanes, ways, channels, circles, bars,
A city figured into stars;
Celestial, insubstantial town
That never lifted in the sun
But flared beyond a wing tip—down—
Blazing a moment—passing—on—
Till there was darkness as before.
(And, darling, it was Baltimore.)

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A PROPOSAL TO HISTORY

(Continued from page 7)

by becoming president of the University of Chicago in 1929 at the age of thirty, then continued to shake curricular conventions by unorthodox reforms, which aroused everything from rapturous praise to passionate denunciation. He's a confirmed pacifist with World War I service. In 1938, he received the Officer Legion of Honor and, a few years later, country-wide criticism for his alignment with the Chicago isolationists. Last June he took leave of absence from the chancellorship (held since 1945) for the field of adult education and organization of the Great Books Foundation, planned to prepare millions of Americans intellectually for world citizenship. He is author of "No Friendly Voice," "The Higher Learning in America," and "Education for Freedom."

PROFESSOR BORGESE is regarded as one of the masters of modern European literature. In 1917, he left his post at the University of Milan as professor of esthetics and history of criticism to head the Italian Department of Press and Propaganda under Premier Orlando as trumpeter for democratic support of the League of Nations. While pre-Mussolini foreign editor of Corriere della Sera, he was an exponent for European federation and the Mazzinian-Wilsonian concept of united mankind. He took a vocal stance against nationalist and pre-Fascist imperialism, was forced into exile for refusing to take the Fascist oath imposed on his colleagues, and, in 1931, came to America. He has taught at the University of California, Smith, and Chicago; is author of "Goliath, the March of Fascism," "Common Cause," and "The City of Man," a collaboration. The last-named is also the title of a program which he founded and to which he is consecrated, in addition to the United World Federalists.

"The common nature of man, and the necessities that it implies for society and government," says Dr. Adler, "have always been present in my own philosophical speculations, in my study of political philosophy, and in my activity as professor of the philosophy of law at the University of Chicago. Analagous concepts have dominated and dominate my present activity as associate editor of Great Books of the Western World." In "How to Think About War and Peace" he predicted establishment of an international parliament in the distant future—a date the "desperate urgency of the present phase of history" has led him to modify radically. His other works include the best-selling "How to Read a Book," "A Dialectic of Morals," "The Problems of Species," and "Problems for Thomists."

Dr. Barr resigned as president of St. John's College in December 1946 to start a new college in Stockbridge, Mass., but was forced to abandon the project because of construction costs. He originated the radio program "Invitation to Learning," and has been on CBS's adult educational board since 1928. Fired by Clarence Streit's "Union Now," he became a director of the movement and served about a year as contributing editor to Freedom and Union. For the past few months he has been on the advisory board of the United World Federalists. He has done "fugitive" articles and lectured widely on that topic while compiling a history of Western Europe to add to his "Mazzini—Portrait of An Exile."

Although Dr. Guerard has taught French in five states and Hawaii, he regards language as "one of the worst frontiers between man and man . . . Giving a privileged position to our own language (even in basic form) or to a few major languages, is the most insidious form of imperialism. We need a world language." Besides exhaustive commentaries on the subject, he taught at Stanford the first Esperanto class to carry university credit, and for many years has assisted the International Auxiliary Language Association. His books include "France: A Short History," "Europe Free and United," "Napoleon III," "The France of Tomorrow," "Preface to World Literature," and "Art for Art's Sake."

Professor Innis was born in Otterville, Ont., got his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago, is now chairman of the Department of Political Economy at the University of Toronto. He has been a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, president of the Canadian Political Science Association and the Economic History Association. Among his publications are "Labor in Canadian-American Relations," "Japanese Canadians," and "Problems of Stable Production in Canada." He's modest about his contribution to the council. "I think the Constitution is a good thing to stir up interest . . . get people thinking about something else besides concentrating on nationalism."

Deprived of German citizenship and dispossessed of his home in compliance with the Nazi law of "Confiscation of Property Inimical to the State," Dr. Kahler left Germany in 1933 and returned to Czechoslovakia, recovering his native citizenship there in 1936. Two years later he came to the States and has since taught history at the New School for Social Research. Last term he was visiting professor at Cornell, where he is now giving a series of public lectures on the "Crisis of the Individual." He was asked to join the constitution committee in 1946 because of his scholarly studies. A few are "Man the Measure," "Der Deutsche Charakter in der Geschichte Europas," and "Israel unter den Volkern."

TWO years ago, after fifty years' teaching which included Latin, history, and government podiums at Kiskiminetas School, Miami University in Oxford, O., Princeton, Bowdoin, Harvard, and Oxford, Dr. McIlwain retired. He served with the Committee to Aid the Allies during World War II, and after hostilities ostensibly ceased "felt bound to continue to do everything in my power, however little, to further the cause of peace . . . I see no reason for not going on as long as any chance of world government remains." Qualifying his architecture on the charter are the books "Constitutionalism, Ancient and Modern" and "Constitutionalism and the Changing World."

Professor Redfield, chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Chicago, has just returned from Yucatan, about which he has previously written in "The Folk Culture of Yucatan." He is also author of "Tepoztlan, a Mexican Vil-

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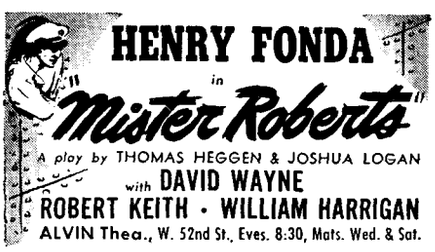
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in
Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
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lage." Since 1930 he has been research associate with the Carnegie Institute of Washington, in charge of ethnology and sociological field work. He helped organize and served as chairman of the three University of Chicago conferences on "Crisis of Our Times." Hiroshima showed him "that war is no longer an effective means to protect civilization and liberty. This has become the time to do things."

"My interest in world government," says Dean Katz of the Chicago Law School, "stemmed from the growing conviction that world legal order is inevitable through agreement or conquest, since evolutionary development of international law is inconceivable in the atomic age. Whatever the odds, the effort seemed worth while to effect legal order by agreement rather than conquest." He was co-editor with Felix Frankfurter of "Cases on Federal Jurisdiction and Procedure" and collaborated on "Accounting in Law Practice."

Chicago's Political Science Professor Tugwell, one of the most forthright of the New Deal braintrusters, last year drew sparks with his "Stricken Land," a report on Puerto Rico, which he governed from 1941-46. Among a dozen previous works are "Battle for Democracy" and "Changing the Colonial Climate." A rebel from conservative Upper New York State who has always broken lances with reaction, he determined about three years ago to throw all his energy into achieving a global republic, "the logical and inevitable concomitant of modern technological achievements. . . . Unless we bring them under the control of one government, they will destroy us. In the constitution just published all of us made some compromises. Probably all of us believe that what we gave up will be incorporated in a later draft—because we each arrived at our conclusions in really prayerful effort."

As a world federation advocate since Hiroshima, SRL reprints herewith the tentative Constitution for World Government in full, for the serious and immediate consideration of its readers. Recent Gallup and Roper public opinion samplings show that the "sentiment for world government has risen from a previous high of one out of every five citizens a year ago to almost one out of four today" and that a majority of voters polled in five leading nations—The United States, England, Canada, Holland, and Sweden—believe that "the way to bring peace on earth is not to sit back and dream about it but to take active steps to form a world government."

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Personal History.

When men and women look back at the years of their youth, they are apt to view them with mellowness and nostalgia. Certainly that is the way John Moore sees the English countryside in which he grew up in "Brensham Village" and Meta Lilienthal recalls the horse-and-buggy New York of her girlhood in "Dear Remembered Days." In "The Day Is Gone" Alyse Gregory tempers her nostalgia for the days when she was the enterprising editor of the old Dial *and an earnest suffragette with some of the perspective of the true critic. Florence Frisbie, author of "Miss Ulysses from Puka-Puka," is too young for either nostalgia or perspective; at the ripe age of fourteen she writes of her unusual life as the daughter of a South Sea trader with spirit and freshness.*

The Progress of a New Woman

THE DAY IS GONE. By Alyse Gregory. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1948. 213 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES GRAY

IT IS said with tedious frequency that autobiography is the most unrewarding of literary occupations. Either a writer will suppress truth deliberately in the interest of discretion and under the arbitrary order of vanity, or he will parade what he takes to be truth with so much of perverse exhibitionism that his revelations seem false and end by being merely embarrassing to a reader.

Alyse Gregory, in a wistful preface to her autobiography, "The Day Is Gone," seems to be haunted by the fear that she has failed to capture anything of the significance of her life. Her words do not, for her, ring with the sharp clangor of the confusion of her experience.

But, like any conscientious artist, she expected too much of herself. It is true that the central figure of this small book seems sometimes like an exquisite little ghost stealing down a shadowy corridor of time. But what Miss Gregory succeeds in doing with a great deal of beguiling charm is to suggest what were the shadows that traced their patterns on the sensitive mind of a young woman coming to maturity in the first quarter of the twentieth century.

These preoccupations of the spirit were, first, with art, when Miss Gregory was a student of music; second, with the problem of social justice, when she campaigned resolutely, but humorously withal, for woman's suffrage; then, with the nature of love, when she lived through the teens of the century in Greenwich Village; and finally, with a synthesis of all these interests when she was editor of the avant-guard, The Dial.

This is, in essence, the history of the intellectual woman of our time. She escaped from the tradition of mere ladylikeness, by taking up one of the more respectable arts. She sought to find her own identity as a human being by identifying herself with the struggle for the fundamental rights of all women. She broke away from the confining provincialism of the old morality by choosing a companion on her own terms. And at last she made a place for herself, professionally, in the world of men by finding an executive use for her essentially feminine talents.

As Miss Gregory says, her life has been lived on several levels and each is dramatically unlike the others. The young woman who lived much in Europe under the patronage of worldly eccentrics who undertook to train her for the operatic stage was such a person as Henry James would have understood. He would have enjoyed interpreting the delicacy of her problem when she discovered that she did not really care for a professional career as a singer and was engrossed only in the fine issues of friendship.

She ceased to be a Henry James figure in the phase of her preoccupation with woman's suffrage, but became, rather, a sort of latter-day Nora, developing the theme of what happened after the door was slammed on Torvald. Compassion, humor, even playfulness balanced the weight of her social earnestness. The story of her Greenwich Village love affair, told with the candor and delicacy of a novel by Colette, serves to remind us that the freeing of young minds in the years just after the First World War was not accomplished, necessarily, to the accompaniment of shrill, vulgar sounds of rebellion.

This, then, is the significant record of the progress of a new woman who was not so intoxicated by her newness that she forgot to be a woman. The wit of high-heartedness glimmers in these pages and so does the insight of a genuine generosity of spirit.

The book breaks off abruptly in the year 1925 before Miss Gregory had married the British writer Llewellyn Powys. One hopes that so understanding a student of human experience will have the hardihood to continue history through the later phases of the drama of our century.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 731)

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Essay of Dramatic Poesy

Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature. When Shakespeare describes anything, you more than see it; you feel it too.

Atoll Child's Memoirs

MISS ULYSSES FROM PUKA-PUKA. By Florence (Johnny) Frisbie. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 241 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

A WELL-REARED atoll child like Johnnie Frisbie gets a shock when "civilized" visitors to her native South Seas dine with their elbows on the table and their spoons in their coffee cups. The visitors who did violence to the little Puka-Pukan's sense of etiquette were American army officers on a war-labor recruitment mission. Their ill-placed elbows and spoons but faintly foreshadowed the physical destruction that their bulldozers were to bring to the Southeast Pacific islands, and the spiritual devastation of their money and their morals.

Fortunately for Johnny's autobiography and for her readers, the war had little impact on her atoll homeland. Puka-Puka's 650 inhabitants went their leisurely way, plaiting mats, shipping copra in their remarkable canoes, roasting fresh fish over cocoanut-shell fires. Johnny, who must have been six when the war broke out, had an idyllic childhood. A healthy one, too, thanks in part to good doses of shark-liver oil. She and her small brother and two little sisters went swimming in the lagoon, climbed the tall hernandia trunks, hunted coconut crabs and periwinkles, tethered kites to a tournefortia tree, did moonlight folk dances to the rhythms of a kerosene drum, and lis-

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tened to the old men's stories.

Storytelling is the favorite pastime of Puka-Puka. The island tales as Johnny retells them are novel and delightful. Her comments on them—on anything, for that matter—are colored by a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland anthropology. "That," she explains of one caveman romance, "is how they married in the fierce old days before Jehovah came to the South Seas."

Johnny's autobiography is aptly named, for the author is truly a seafaring child and she knows her Homer well. The inter-island reaches of the Pacific are Main Street to this daughter of a Polynesian mother and an American father. The latter, a South Sea trader and the author of a number of South Sea novels, has taken Johnny with him on many of his voyages. Traveling by native canoe, tramp schooner, luxury liner, leper ship, and "tub," she has braved the dangers and shared the adventures of the historic Polynesian seaways.

Johnny was twelve years old in 1945 when she started to write this book, the first ever written by a native South Sea Islander. "Puka-Pukan children knew a lot," she reminisces, "if they didn't know everything." They certainly know how to tell stories.

Henry Fielding, Idol

A TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 288 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE SOURCES of information for the life of Henry Fielding have been so thoroughly explored, notably by Wilbur Lyon Cross, that, barring some dazzling manuscript discovery—the finding of some unexpected hoard of papers comparable to the Malahide Castle documents by and about Boswell—new biographies of the novelist can vary from older ones only, or principally, in the emphasis the writer chooses to give this or that aspect of his subject. The Willcocks book is a popular account, and varies from other books about Fielding mainly in giving a great deal of prominence to Fielding's plays. An epilogue to the volume rather ecstatically weaves together a series of tributes to Fielding by notables from Madame du Deffand to Bernard Shaw.

The author's thesis, so far as there is any, is found in this last chapter. Fielding, it seems,

grows younger before our eyes as the centuries pass. Many of his

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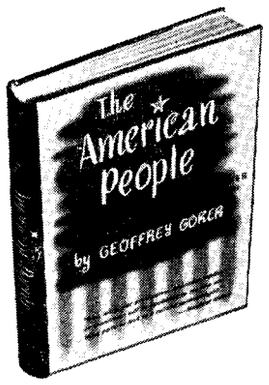

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qualities are precisely those we value today: the truth, even if it is ugly; realist pictures of actual life in every class; wide-reaching thought; a generous, non-puritanical judgment of most things; and a toughness of character which can bear pain and hardship and laugh even at the worst moments. None but the "aggressively pure" are likely nowadays to condemn him on either of the two charges, first, that he had a passion for telling the truth, and second, that he was once young and careless.

The paragraph is valuable, both because it sets forth the theme of this study and also because it reveals the biographer's attitude of mind.

It is clear that Mr. Willcocks has more or less fallen in love with the subject. This amiable weakness, however it may make for sympathy, means also that all is fish that comes into the net; and a photograph of a back of a house at East Stour, included because "Fielding's youth" was "spent in a house on this site" proves equally valuable with a quotation from the prologue to "The Fatal Curiosity," the summary of the story of "Tom Jones," and an obliging translation of the Latin inscription on Fielding's tombstone. Fielding never quite emerges as a human being and a genius from this welter of rather sentimentalized material. The author is too anxious at all points to underline the fact that Fielding was a genius, that he was human, that the smallest item about him reveals something. When to this lack of clear emphasis and outline is added a rather lush style and a harrowing tendency to write in paragraphs of two, three, or four sentences only, the results are not good. My feeling is that this is merely another book about Fielding.

Alumnus of England's "Middle West"

BRENSHAM VILLAGE. By John Moore. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1948. 239 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

READERS of "The Fair Field" will remember Brensham Hill, rising four miles away from Elmsbury, that market town in England's "Middle West" of which John Moore wrote so felicitously. In his new book, "Brensham Village" Mr. Moore again builds with imagination upon "a ground plan and framework of truth," and goes on with the account of his boyhood investigations. Until his tenth year they were confined, largely because of short legs and lack of other means of transportation, to Elmsbury and its immediate vicinity. But a tenth birthday brought a bicycle, and from then on he and his three "tough little friends, a ferret called Boangeres and a grass snake," spent most of their holidays exploring Brensham, hill and village.

Small wonder that Brensham beckoned inquisitive small boys, for its people were reliably reported to be as "crack-brained" as its wild hares, and its hillside was supposed to boast a hermit who caught the hares with his bare hands and ate them raw, and fallow deer, savage keepers who hunted poachers remorselessly, and even a Mad Lord.

Certainly the explorers were not disappointed, and for the reader their intimacy with Brensham's highly original citizens is sheer delight. There was the Colonel, chugging along on his ancient motorcycle in a deer-stalker hat, who had for the boys "an obscure affinity with Robin Hood." And Mr. Mountjoy, the Rector, who was a keen ornithologist ("My dear fellows, can you think of anything less sacrilegious than a pair of spotted flycatchers"? he replied when his church-wardens objected to his placing nesting boxes over the church porch). Then there were the wonderful, kindly family who ran the "Horse Narrow," one of Brensham's three pubs, Billy Butcher the village drunkard, Jane, the Mad Lord's daughter, who took the boys to the family vault to see the urn in which her crusader ancestor's heart was interred ("my father said 'Hearts weigh surprisingly light when courage and fear have left them.' ") These and many other Brenshamites the boys knew well and thoroughly admired, with the clear-eyed appraisement of youth

As he grew older, Mr. Moore still haunted Brensham, became—a great honor—a member of its cricket team, watched floods, frosts, and the Oxford Groupers menace its peace, the Syndicate encroachments on the Mad Lord's mortgaged lands, and saw what the war did—and could not do—to the village. "Brenshaw hadn't changed, for all that mattered of it was unchangeable: the brief beautiful blossoming, a whiff of gillyflower on the wind, and laughter and labor and courage, the imponderable, indestructible things."

This is a book to be grateful for, entirely delightful, written in prose at once deft and distinguished. Mr. Moore, who may be mentioned in the bright tradition of Richard Jefferies and Edward Thomas, has with warmth, humor, and vivid observation brought to life his rare and crack-brained Brensham, its men and beasts.

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Fabulous "Tin-Lizzie" Tycoon

THE LAST BILLIONAIRE. By William C. Richards. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 422 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

IN 1914, when the average American factory worker was earning eleven dollars a week, a little-known automobile manufacturer named Henry Ford electrified the world with the announcement that henceforth he would pay all his employees—even the lowly sweepers—a minimum of five dollars a day. From then until his death last year, Ford—America's first and probably last billionaire—was a legendary figure, the subject of countless tales and jokes.

As a Detroit newspaperman, William C. Richards "covered" the "Ford story" for almost thirty years. Out of his memories and those of other men who knew the motor-maker well, he has fashioned "The Last Billionaire." It is a capital book.

Mr. Richards has not undertaken to write a formal biography, for he tells almost nothing about the first half of Ford's life and omits many vital facts about the latter half. His attempts to estimate the effect of Ford and his works on American life are feeble. He never speculates on such questions as the moral right of one man to wield the power represented by a billion dollars. For the most part, his book is simply a long series of anecdotes, loosely strung together and often repetitious. Frequently the gusto with which he tells his stories overwhelms his syntax. But he will keep you constantly regaled, and after you have finished his book, you will find yourself quoting it copiously. Finally it will dawn upon you that, despite Mr. Richard's seeming artlessness, he has made you comprehend the enigmatic Ford legend.

The legend, Mr. Richards suggests, was based on Henry's sly, puckish sense of humor and knack of saying things that made colorful newspaper "copy." Unlike other wealthy men, he allowed reporters to quote him freely, even when he was sounding off on things about which he knew nothing,—which was often, for Henry was an illiterate man.

At forty Ford was in modest circumstances; at sixty he was the richest man in the world. How did he do it? Mr. Richards points out that mechanical things fascinated him, whether they were motors, watches, leaky faucets, or the trick cycles used by a performer in the Olsen and Johnson revue *Hellzapoppin'*. This bent, coupled with a Calvinistic conviction that work was a virtue, some uncanny hunches, and a willingness to try almost anything once, brought him his wealth. Money, however, appealed to him not as an end in itself, but as a means of achieving complete independence, of becoming free to do whatever he liked.

Unpredictable was the word for Henry. Ernest G. Liebold, his secretary for thirty-five years, told Mr. Richards: "You never could tell how he was going to jump." He was a bundle of paradoxes. Although he introduced the assembly-line system of production to heavy industry, he disliked teamwork so much that he would not have lasted a day on one of his own assembly lines. He was always concerned about the welfare of his employees, yet he hired a small army of plug-uglies to repress the slightest stirring of unionism among them. He gave his son Edsel one million dollars in gold on his twenty-first birthday and later made him president of the company; but he humiliated and frustrated his son to his dying day by never allowing him any authority.

Ford had hobbies and the money to indulge in them on a fantastic scale. When he and the motherly Mrs. Ford tried to recapture the joys of their youth through old-fashioned dancing, they hired a full-time dancing master and obliged the families of the company's top executives to spend their evenings mastering the polka and the mazurka. His nostalgia for the past led him to spend $25,000,000 assembling at Greenfield Village originals and replicas of such assorted antiquities as the birthplace of Stephen Foster, Independence Hall, and the Illinois courthouse where Abraham Lincoln practiced law.

He was always going in for some new fad. Once, when he thought carrots were mankind's salvation, he avidly ate a twelve-course dinner consisting solely of carrots in various guises. Later on he became ardent about soybeans.

The least illuminating pages of "The Last Billionaire" treat the darkest aspect of Ford's career: his subsidization of the anti-Semitic *Dearborn Independent*. Mr. Richards implies that Ford's final repudiation of the *Independent's* activities arose from expediency, not change of heart.

When historians come to write definitively of Henry Ford and his times, they will most certainly turn to "The Last Billionaire" as a basic source. Persons who read it in the meantime will find it a vastly entertaining book about a fabulous tycoon, the like of which America had never seen before—and is apt never to see again.

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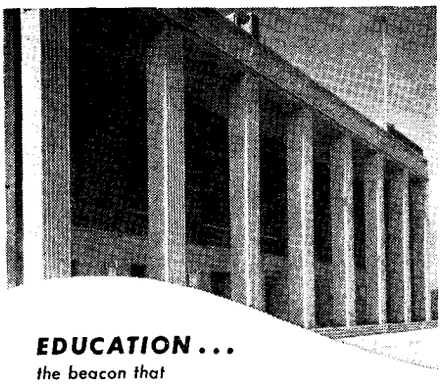

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A Small, Gracious Segment

DEAR REMEMBERED WORLD. By Meta Lilienthal. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1947. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALINE BERNSTEIN

META LILIENTHAL has written of her dear remembered world, and her book is well titled. It is a dear remembered past, filled with love and the coloring of a kind, affectionate nature. She writes of a small segment of the world, limited to New York save in a few instances, before New York was part of the greater city; and before Manhattan was bristling with its towers and teeming with its restless population.

The story begins as the little girl wakes to consciousness in a horse drawn era. Meta's mother was a Christian, a blonde German, with all of the qualities we used to impute to the German housewife; she was sweet, interested in good living, skilful in housekeeping, extremely hospitable, intelligent, cultured, and devoted to her husband and her child. She was sensitive to life, but only within her convention; she was interested in women's rights, but not to the extent of providing her hard-working domestic help with proper living quarters. But she was good to her daughter, taking long tiring trips to Coney Island on hot summer days, so that the little girl could breathe the cool salt air and dip into the sea. The child was born after her parents were married for fifteen years, and her mother could not bear to be separated from her, even to let her go to school. So Meta had one of those remarkable educations at home, with special teachers in various subjects, instead of being huddled in a crowded public school classroom, under one not-too-competent teacher. For classroms were crwded, even then. Whether or not it is the best kind of education, it did very well for little Meta, judging by the charming writing in this book.

Her father was a German Jew, a doctor of considerable ability, who left his native country to escape biogtry and projudice, along with the hundreds of others who came to the United States during the middle and the end of the nineteenth century. He established himself as a general practitioner, or family physician, at first in a modest way, but growing progressively more prosperous until we see the family at the end of the book, the owners of a charming house on Stuyvesant Park in New York, and another in the Catskill Mountains. He was a good man, with high ideals, and possessed of fine family feeling. He was able to provide his family with the means for a comfortable and cultivated life. Meta always had

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SORRY, WRONG NUMBER *Allan Ullman & Lucille Fletcher* (Random House: $2)	Novelization of famous radio drama about invalid who overhears phone conversations and finds herself on receiving end of murderous plot.	Amplification of plot acceptably done. Characters sketchy but get across. Writing sharp and slick. Terminal sock depends on reader's previous acquaintance.	Quick chiller
DANCE WITHOUT MUSIC *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	English private detective, with lovely client, forces hand of blackmail - suicide - murder plotter and ends career of "lousiest heel in history."	Convincing and cold-blooded chronicle of framing, killing, double-crossing, and deduction. Characters and nasty side but tale packs punch.	For Cheyney fans
MURDER OF MARIA MARTEN *EDITED AND ARRANGED by Jeanne & Norman Macken ie* (Pellegrini & Cudahy: $3.75)	Famous 1828 English murder-in-red-barn and slayer's trial resurrected and presented in most of their original ghoulish glory.	Hyperbolical masterpiece of London hack squeezes ultimate tear, groan, and gore from rural *crime passionel.* Good editing job. Attractive format.	Museum piece

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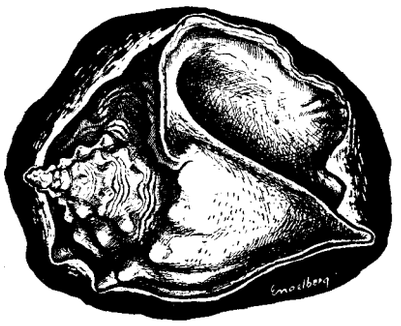

pretty clothes and plenty of toys, and lovely Chistmas parties. She had the great advantage of not being relegated to the nursery, or to the untender mercies of a nurse girl. She mingled with the family friends on equal terms, possibly one of the most wonderful things that can happen to a child, when the friends are interesting.

There are a number of character studies of those friends in the book, as well as studies of some of the children with whom she played. Most interesting of all is the story of a woman whom she calls her Fairy Princess—Helene von Racowitza was the heroine of the famous tragic romance that involved Ferdinand Lassalle, and is the theme of one of George Meredith's novels, "The Tragic Comedians." As Mrs. Lilienthal tells the story, it takes on a deep human quality, and the woman really lives for us.

There are other sketches or portraits of people and places; a little girl from a poor home, taken into the family as a companion for Meta, sharing Meta's teachers and advantages, even to the duplication of her pretty clothes. Finally comes the inevitable break, and Katy disappears. We never know the details or the reason, but the framework of it is there. There is a nice fat man, full of gusto, who seems to be about the mental equal of the little girl, but a clever businessman. He is married to a theatrical costumer, and Meta loved to visit the shop and play with the velvets and silks and laces and spangles. There is a Russian refugee, the pattern that all Russian refugees used to be, with a black beard and a pale face and a necessarily furtive manner. There is a little Negress called Dark Rosie, spurned at first by the "gang;" but the clouds break and the sun comes through at the end of the story, a bit too neatly. The gang played together safely in the motorless streets, a variegated crowd of youngsters. There are visits to the sea and the mountains, a boarding house on a farm in Pennsylvania and the return of her parents on a visit to Germany and other parts of Europe. And there is a timely description of the Blizzard of 1888.

My own recollection is of a clear starry sky the night before, but Mrs. Lilienthal says no, it was misty and rainy. Maybe I am wrong, but we made taffy at my aunt's house, and setting the pan out in the yard to cool, I said to my cousin, "What a lovely night." But the Blizzard was the same for us both.

It is fascinating to read the faithfully observed and recorded details of a life; the heart is warmed by this picture of a family, people of intelligence living together in the bonds of kindness, consideration, and love. There must have been pain, problems, and at least some dissension; but Mrs. Lilienthal barely touches that. Neither does she give us any picture of the ogre of economic depression that gripped New York several times during the span of her story; she only gives us a glimpse of a next door tenement with the child bountiful throwing her toys out of the window to her less fortunate little fellow Americans.

This is an interesting picture of a period of life in New York, and more than that, it leaves the reader not only much entertained, but grateful.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

CORAL, LIMESTONE, OUTERBRIDGES

AS you must have heard by now Bermuda is a rather pleasant coral deposit some 700 miles, as the latitude lies, off the Carolina coast. It is not tropical but temperate, not one island but many, not one of the British West Indies, but a separate archipelago, and it is not the home of Bermuda onions, which happen to come from Texas.

Although nobody goes about it with much of a frenzy, most everybody in Bermuda is in the tourist business. There are 4,000 hotel and guest-house accommodations in normal times, and everything is operating again except the Princess Hotel and the Castle Harbor. The elegant Elbow Beach Surf Club, which has its own beach, has 235 rooms, and can accommodate 400 painstakingly selected persons. Those who pass the bar at Elbow Beach pay $12 a day for a single room, from $14-$22 a day per person in double rooms, all American plan. Belmont Manor, an attractive hotel, a ferry ride away from Hamilton, gets about the same, but also offers a Bermuda Plan, which amounts to bed and breakfast. The old St. George, now under Hilton management, handy to the airport, gets a little less. At the recently remodeled Harrington House share-bath rooms run as low as $9 a day, and if you are looking for a quiet, inexpensive, homelike inn, the Oxford House in Hamilton is all of that.

Sitting on the highly advertised pink sand and watching the highly advertised green sea are the two greatest pastimes in Bermuda. There are any number of secluded beaches growing wild all over the islands, or if you prefer civilization, the Coral Beach Club will let you swim with an invitation and a dollar.

At Devil's Hole in Harrington Sound you can fish for turtles, groupers, and angel fish, using lines without hooks. In the Leamington Caves you can wander through the orange-colored stalactites and stalagmites and select a lobster from among those stored in the crystal underground pools by the restaurant upstairs. The rock formations, formed by the seepage of lime water through red clay deposits, form about a cubic inch every 100 years. Should you interrupt a passing drop from a stalactite to a stalagmite, you set the procedure back twenty-five years. Above the caves, the Plantation Club serves steak and lobster at about $3.50. Nearby the Tom Moore House offers the same size lobsters at the same size prices in equally pleasant surroundings.

Only four steamers are running to Bermuda, two small ships of the Furness Withy line, and the Lady Rodney and Lady Nelson, which come down from Canada picking up passengers at Boston on the way. Three airlines are flying into Bermuda, Pan American, Colonial, and BOAC. During the Easter lily and the honeymoon seasons, two items in which Bermuda does a land office business, over a dozen commercial planes a day land at Kindley Field, the airbase built by the U.S. during the war. The field was built out of the sea, across the harbor from St. George, the old capital founded in 1609 and colonized by the Virginia Company in 1612. You can ride a Bermuda bike down Old Maid's Lane and up One-Gun Alley, over in St. George's, and have a look at the famous Masonic Lodge located in the old government building. Once every year, His Excellency the Governor rides down to collect the rent from the Masons for their use of the official hall, a sum which amounts to one peppercorn. Things have been going on like that for 150 years.

You can get around Bermuda by car now, a note of progress that rubbed the fur the wrong way for an awful lot of Bermudians. Still it takes the tiny cars nearly an hour from the airport to Hamilton, and the old carriages which are still running can hardly make it in less than six, or about twice the time it takes to fly down from New York.

Nothing else has changed much, however. A man can't own a business unless he has lived on the islands for over six years, and he can't vote unless he owns real estate which is assessed at sixty pounds. Every parish has a different assessment rate, and citizens are entitled to vote in as many parishes as they have property assessed at sixty pounds. There is no income tax and no free schooling.

About 34,000 people live in Bermuda, forty per cent of them white. A group known unofficially and somewhat irreverently as the Forty Thieves of Bermuda, have things in the mid-Atlantic pretty well sewed up. They run the banks, the department stores, the big liquor business, the hotels, and the legislature. A recent reference to the Bermuda telephone directory which can't be much thicker than the book for Muskogee, Oklahoma, showed thirteen Triminghams, from Miss B. through Reginald; twelve Goslings, from Miss Agnes through William; thirteen Trotts, from Mrs. A. W. Reid through Victor V.; thirty-four Tuckers, from Miss Adell through W. L., and thirty-nine Outerbridges, from Aleck to Wallace. As a matter of fact somebody once defined Bermuda as a series of coral and limestone islands connected by Outerbridges.

HORACE SUTTON.

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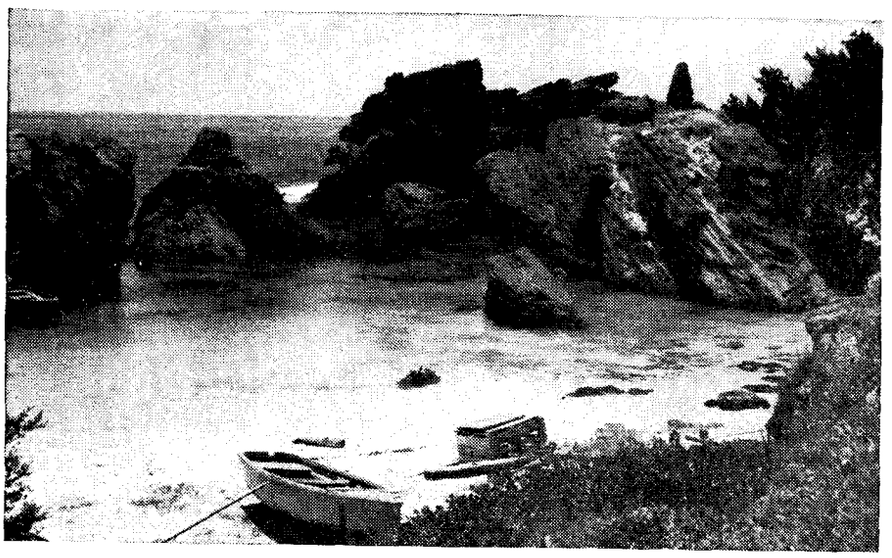
Authentic Guide Book

BEAUTIFUL BERMUDA. By Euphemia, Susanne, and William Bell. New York and Bermuda: Beautiful Bermuda Publishing Co. 1948. 736 pp.

Reviewed by CLIFFORD ORR

DESPITE its slightly romantic title, this is not a book of rhapsody about gleaming sands and verdured shores. It is a practical guide book in every way. In deed, it is the standard guide to Bermuda, and I imagine that it has been ever since 1902, when the first version of it appeared. This is the tenth revision that the book has undergone, done by the same Bell etc. It is by no means a "handy pocket guide," because it is even bulkier than the 736 pages noted above. This is because there are unnumbered maps, charts, and the like, and also many pages of local Bermuda advertising inserted both fore and aft. (And you should not sneer at the thought of ads being included—they are both chaste and helpful). The whole book is printed on good coated stock, and this makes it quite a hefty affair—two and a half pounds on my household scales, as against one and a half for the normal, non-historical novel. Therefore, it can't be slipped into the belt of your Bermuda shorts, but it can travel around with you in your beach bag in the basket of your bicycle, on the seat of your carriage, or on the floor of your dinky little twenty-miles-an-hour taxi. And it should, for you will find a dozen times a day the need or value of it, quite aside from the pleasure of browsing it through your green glasses under your beach umbrella.

It begins with a description of the archipelago (and here some rhapsody does creep in), proceeds with the story of its long history (it was discovered about the time of Columbus and settled about the time of Jamestown), and then in generous chapters, fully picked apart by an excellent index, the government, the laws and regulations, the people, the few towns and the many hamlets the industries, the trees and shrubs the sport fishing, the boating of all sorts, the land sports, the hotels and guests houses, the old or memorable houses and buildings, the transportation, the naval and military bases, both British and American, the excursions and "sights," the monetary system, the customs—in fact, everything you want to know, told far better than you can get a native to tell it when you stop him in a lane or buttonhole him in his shop. And all this is embellished with photographs, many of them superior, which

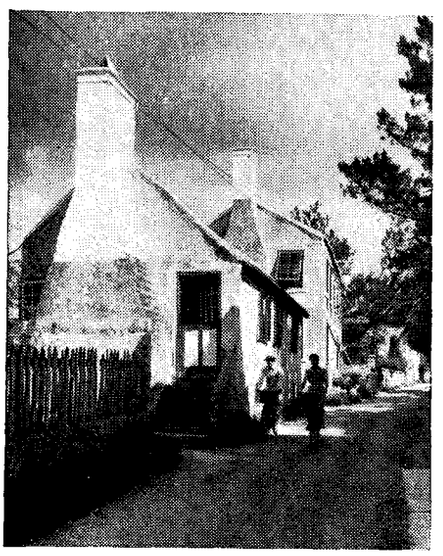


—Bermuda News Bureau

"There are any number of secluded beaches growing wild all over the island"

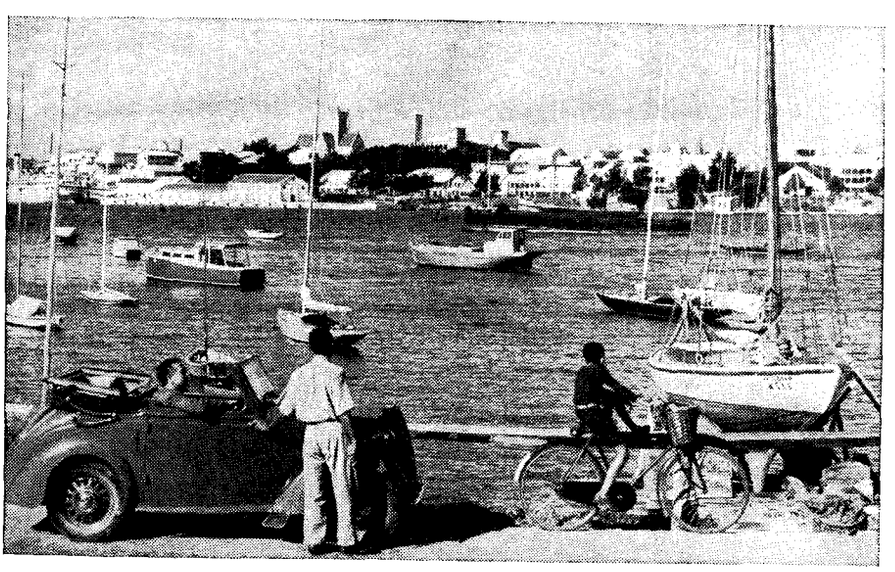
—Horace Sutton

"Not tropical but temperate"



—Colonial Airlines, Inc.

"You can bike down Old Maid's Lane"



—Horace Sutton

"Note of progress: You can get around Bermuda by car now"

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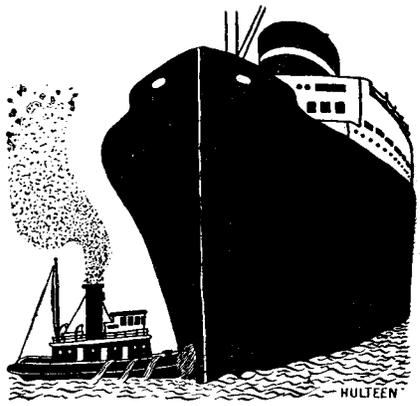

come out extremely well on glossy paper.

There are few unavoidable flaws, due mainly to the time the book has been in production. It has, for example, S.S. Queen of Bermuda back in service after her war venture—a prophecy which has not yet come true. Some of the prices are now a bit out of whack. And the information about the railway is now, alas, obsolete, because that delightful train which used to plod its way beside the walls and hedges and over the dinky bridges and trestles all the length of the islands from Somerset to St. George has now given way to the almighty bus.

Clifford Orr, a recent Bermuda visitor, is on the staff of The New Yorker.

FICTION

(Continued from Page 21)

Vera Bock's highly stylized illustrations add enormously to the beauty of the book. Each tale has a title page with a striking black-and-white drawing and a decorative border in color. There are additional full page illustrations as well, and bits of arabesque in color are scattered here and there throughout the text. The delicacy of the artist's perception has, in this happy collaboration, been perfectly matched to the sensitive quality of the stories and the manner in which they are told.

Okie Oilmen

BLACKJACK. By Joseph E. Kelleam. New York: William Sloane Associates, Inc., 1948. 268 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN BARKHAM

DOWN in the oil country, the right kind of hole in the ground will make all the difference between a bust town and a boom town. The trick is to know just where to dig the hole —for oil, like gold, is where you find it.

Mr. Kelleam's breezy first novel tells what such a hole did to such a town. Blackjack (pop.: 350), in southern Oklahoma, was as droopy as the twisted trees for which it was named —till fate rode down its dusty main street one day in a battered coupe with a peeling top. At the wheel sat an oil promoter, the kind of fellow who generally winds up selling his watch to go back where he came from. But Quincy J. McGuire was different. Before he was through with Blackjack he had started the sleepy little whistle-stop on a roller-coaster career that carried it into highriding prosperity. In a word, he dug a hole and struck oil.

The principal virtue of this story lies in its animated and unfamiliar background. The wildcatter, judging by this picture of him, is a very special kind of animal who spends his time flitting from hole to hole and who thinks nothing of swapping a one-horse shay for a hundred-horse Cadillac. It all depends on what he finds at the bottom of his hole.

All this makes a can't-miss setting for a book, and Mr. Kelleam doesn't miss. From his opening paragraph he keeps his narrative racing at a spanking clip. He does this by showing what oil did to Blackjack and to its people. It turned the town into a hell-raising metropolis of 15,000. It turned rancher Ron Harris into a cardsharping brawler, handsome Duke Chandler into a tinhorn gambler, curvaceous Arabella ("Red") Allison into a fancy prostitute, and so on. In the end, of course, Blackjack emerges from its chrysalis of lawlessness into civic respectability, and those of its citizens who cross these pages either atone for their misdeeds or find happiness in prosperity.

This outline should make it apparent that Mr. Kelleam's book is long on plot and short on people. His locale and atmosphere ring true as a bell; this is surely the authentic fever and bubble existence of the Okie oilmen. But the men themselves are mostly two-dimensional. Mr. Kelleam tells us what they are, instead of showing us.

Yet this is a promising first, if only for the expert way Mr. Kelleam manipulates his fast-paced plot. It flashes past the reader's eye like a well-directed Western. Maybe he was right in not slowing up his action to give the story depth and subtlety. Instead he has given it speed and excitement, wrapped in vivid metaphor.

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DRAFT FOR GLOBAL FEDERATION

(*Continued from page 12*)

on expiration with the same procedure for successive periods of six months or less but in no case beyond the date when the time of emergency is proclaimed closed, on the proposal of the Chamber of Guardians by simple majority votes of the Council and of the Grand Tribunal concurrently or, if the Guardians' proposal is deemed unduly delayed, by three-quarters majority votes of the Council and of the Grand Tribunal concurrently.

29.

Capital punishment shall not be inflicted under federal law.

30.

Old age pensions, unemployment relief, insurance against sickness or accident, just terms of leisure, and protection to maternity and infancy shall be provided according to the varying circumstances of times and places as the local law may direct.

Communities and states unable to provide adequate social security and relief shall be assisted by the Federal Treasury, whose grants or privileged loans shall be administered under federal supervision.

31.

Every child from the age of six to the age of twelve shall be entitled to instruction and education at public expense, such primary six-year period to be obligatory and further education to be accessible to all without discrimination of age or sex or race or class or creed.

Communities and states unable to fulfill this obligation shall be assisted by the Federal Treasury with the same proviso as in Art. 30

32.

All property or business whose management and use have acquired the extension and character of a federal public service or whereon restrictive trade practices have conferred the character and power of a transnational monopoly, shall become the property of the Federal Government upon payment of a just price as determined by law.

33.

Every individual or group or community shall have the right of appeal against unjust application of a law, or against the law itself, gaining access

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SCRAMBLED POEMS AND POETS

Frances W. Wells, of New York City, invites you to unscramble the titles of the following poems and the names of the poets who wrote them. Allowing two points for each poem and two for each poet (and unlimited use of time and reference books), a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 38.

1. MORE THANKS, FREE MAN	TRAWLAN METHOD
2. AS LIMBER SEAMEN CALLED	JANET HOSK
3. HARD GUMBOOTS MAR THE HOOF	BOGBORN R. WINTER
4. I WOTTED NOT SHE WED	PHYLLIS S. CHEESEBERY
5. TOO MANY HUG MONEY	HOSEA MOTROM
6. S.O.S.—MATING SEASON	JIM HOLTON
7. OTHER VILER DREAM	VERA MOTTON PERCY
8. THE MYSTIC SOROSIS	ELWARD MALVERN
9. EIRE'S FAITH	LALA MILLIN WIGHAM
10. MEN TROUNCE ME	EILEEN McLALY
11. VIVA LE GOLLETO	HAROLD NEWLAM ROPES
12. THAT HEADS TO FOLLY	DANNY ROSENFELT
13. THE TRIAL OF PROMANOS	CORDELIA CHALVER
14. DUEL OF THE EVENING	HERCY U. FROGFACE
15. DOWN WINTER'S TEETH	BROCK THERRIER
16. SOCIAL SNEER	GUY KARL PRIDDIN
17. THE EXCURSION TO FINCHCIDE	RACHEL IRENE DALLING
18. THEIR MAHOMITAN INTERFERENCE	GLOUCESTER MALIDE
19. AS VILLAIN SHADOWS STARE	ISHMAEL E. PRAISEWALK
20. SELDOM THESE BLAZED	EDGERTON STAITS
21. SHINE A STEEL KNIFE OR FILE	MARILLYE W. AUSTEBILT
22. NO CLASSY SHOTGUN	CARLOS WESTRITT
23. CRONIES ON DEFENCE	ILMA WILK BEAL
24. THE SILENT MADAM	ELEANORA V. STRAWGALD
25. THE TRILLING FAWN	ROGER DRIBBETS

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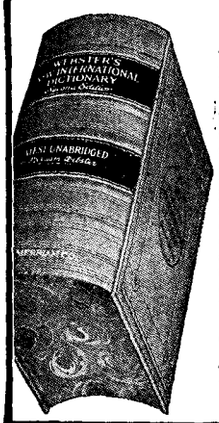

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through the inferior courts, local or federal, to the superior and the Grand Tribunal, and securing the counsel and support of the Tribune of the People when the Tribune so decides; and, if a law or statute is found evidently in conflict with the guarantees pledged in the foregoing articles or irreparably in contradiction with the basic principles and intents of the World Republic as stated in the Preamble to this Constitution and in its Declaration of Duties and Rights, the Grand Tribunal shall have power to recommend to the Supreme Court that such law or statute be declared, and the Supreme Court shall have power to declare it, null and void.

34.

The Tribune of the People cannot be impeached except on the same grounds and with the same procedure as specified for the President in Art. 15.

If the Tribune of the People is impeached or resigns or dies, his substitute for the unfulfilled portion of his tenure shall be the candidate to the Tribunate who was next in line in the last Federal Convention, with the same provisos in regard to eligibility as in Art. 26, first paragraph.

The Chamber of Guardians

35.

The control and use of the armed forces of the Federal Republic of the World shall be assigned exclusively to a Chamber of Guardians under the chairmanship of the President, in his capacity of Protector of the Peace. The other Guardians shall be six Councilmen elected by the Council and the Grand Tribunal in Congress assembled, for terms of three years. [But the Grand Tribunal shall not participate in the first election.]

One former President shall also sit in the Chamber of Guardians, the sequence to be determined term for term, or, if he resign or die, for the fractional term, according to seniority in the presidential office; he shall have the privilege of the floor in the deliberations of the Chamber, but no vote in its decisions.

Officers holding professional or active rank in the armed forces of the Federal Republic, or in the domestic militia of any component unit thereof, shall not be eligible as Guardians.

36.

The election of the six elective Guardians shall be by secret and proportional vote, with each Elector casting a ballot of six names or less; but no three Guardians of the seven, including the President and excluding the ex-President, shall originate from the same Region; and any presumptive electee whose election would contravene this norm shall be declared ineligible and replaced by the candidate fulfilling the norm and having obtained the next largest vote.

Regions which have not been represented among the seven Guardians referred to above, for two successive three-year terms, shall have mandatory precedences in the subsequent elections; but the Guardian or Guardians originating from a nation or Region where sedition against the World Republic is actual or, according to the majority of the Chamber, imminently expected, shall cease from office and be replaced; unless the other Guardians decide unanimously otherwise.

No Guardian can be impeached or in any way suspended or removed from office for any other reason, except on such grounds and with such procedure as specified for the President and the Tribune of the People hereinbefore [Art. 15 and 34], and for the Guardians hereinafter [Art. 38].

If a Guardian resigns or dies or is in any way suspended or removed, his substitute for the unfulfilled portion of the term shall be chosen by partial election, with the same rules and provisos as in the first two paragraphs of this article, each elector casting a ballot of one or more names as the number of vacancies may be.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. The Forsaken Merman: Matthew Arnold. 2. La Belle Dame Sans Merci: John Keats. 3. Home Thoughts from Abroad: Robert Browning. 4. Ode to the West Wind: Percy Bysshe Shelley. 5. The Young May Moon: Thomas Moore. 6. Samson Agonistes: John Milton. 7. The Married Lover: Coventry Patmore. 8. To His Coy Mistress: Andrew Marvell. 9. The Fairies: William Allingham. 10. Renouncement: Alice Meynell. 11. Give All To Love: Ralph Waldo Emerson. 12. The Lady of Shalott: Alfred Tennyson. 13. To Althea, from Prison: Richard Lovelace. 14. The Love Unfeigned: Geoffrey Chaucer. 15. To the Western Wind: Robert Herrick. 16. Recessional: Rudyard Kipling. 17. The Second Crucifixion: Richard le Gallienne. 18. The Rime of the Ancient Mariner: Samuel T. Coleridge. 19. It Was a Lover and His Lass: William Shakespeare. 20. The Blessed Damozel: Dante G. Rossetti. 21. The Lake Isle of Innisfree: William Butler Yeats. 22. Lucy Ashton's Song: Sir Walter Scott. 23. Reeds of Innocence: William Blake. 24. The Maid's Lament: Walter Savage Landor. 25. Winter Nightfall: Robert Bridges.

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37.

The Chancellor shall have access to the Chamber of Guardians as Deputy of the President whose vote he shall cast by proxy if the President so decides.

38.

Appropriations for the budget of Peace and Defense, under control of the Chamber of Guardians, as proposed by the Chamber at the beginning of each term for the whole duration thereof, shall be submitted by the President to the Council, in conformity with Art. 13. But if a state of emergency is declared, in the manner and limits as specified hereinbefore [Art. 28, last paragraph], the Chamber shall have power to demand and appropriate such additional funds as the emergency demands, subject to auditing and sanction by the Council when the emergency is closed; whereafter, if sanction is denied, the Guardians responsible shall be liable to impeachment and prosecution for usurpation of power with the same procedure as specified for the President and the Tribune of the People hereinbefore [Art. 15 and 34].

39.

The Chamber shall have power to propose by absolute majority, subject to approval by two-thirds majority votes of the Council and of the Grand Tribunal concurrently, extraordinary powers, world-wide or local, to be conferred on the President beyond those assigned to him by this Constitution, when a state of emergency, as provided in Art. 28, is proclaimed; such powers not to be granted for periods exceeding six months each and to be relinquished before the expiration of any such period as soon as the state of emergency, in conformity with Art. 28, is proclaimed closed.

40.

The Chamber of Guardians shall answer interrogations from the Council on its general and administrative directives, but no vote shall be taken after discussion thereof, except as otherwise provided in Art. 28 and 39; and the decisions of the Chamber in matters technical and strategic shall be final, and withheld from publicity when the Chamber so decides.

41.

The Chamber of Guardians, assisted by a General Staff and an Institute of Technology whose members it shall appoint, shall determine the technological and the numerical level that shall be set as limits to the domestic militias of the single communities and states or unions thereof.

Armed forces and the manufacture of armaments beyond the levels thus determined shall be reserved to the World Government.

The Federal Capital and Federal Language and Standards

42.

Within one year of its foundation the World Republic shall choose a Federal Capital, or a site therefor, with eminent domain over it and an adequate Federal District.

43.

Within three years of its foundation the Federal Government shall designate one language, which shall be standard for the formulation and interpretation of the federal laws; and for analogous purposes, relative to communication, taxation and finances, it shall establish in its first year a federal unit of currency with a federal system of measures and a federal calendar.

The Amending Power

44.

Amendments to this Constitution, recommended concurrently by a two-thirds majority of the Council and of the Grand Tribunal, shall be in force when approved by a two-thirds majority of the Federal Convention in the Constitutional Session following the recommendation.

Constitutional Sessions, of thirty days or less, as the discussion may require and the majority may decide, shall be held immediately after the ordinary electoral session in the third Federal Convention and thereafter every ninth year.

[But no amendment altering the electoral units as listed in Art. 5, or the assignment to them of seats in the Council and the other federal bodies, shall be recommended to the first of such Sessions.]

[*Ratification and Preliminary Period*

45.

The first Federal Convention shall be the Founding Convention.

The ratio of representation therein shall be based on the world population figures as ascertained or authoritatively approximated in 1948.

The ways and means for the convocation of the Founding Convention, and the regulations for its inaugural and voting procedures, shall be determined by the General Assembly of the United Nations.

46.

The thirty-day electoral session of the Founding Convention shall be preceded by a preliminary session of thirty days or less for the discussion and approval of this Constitution, such preliminary session to be extended for thirty additional days or less as the discussion may require and the majority may decide.

The delegates to the Founding Convention shall vote individually, and not by delegations; except on the assignment to the nine Electoral Colleges or Regions of such optional states or zones as listed hereinbefore [Art. 5]; in which matter the vote of the majority, within the delegation from the state or zone concerned, shall be binding upon the minority; and Art. 5 shall be adjusted accordingly.

47.

The Founding Convention having discussed and approved by individual majority vote this Constitution, ratification by collective majorities within as many delegations of states and nations as represent two-thirds of the population of the earth, shall be sufficient for the establishment of the Federal Republic of the World.

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THE CLASSIC DEPARTMENT			
BRAHMS. SYMPHONY No. 2. N. Y. Philharmonic, Rodzinski. Columbia MM 725 (5)	Plenty of close-to accentuation. Background acoustics deadish, but instruments very live, brilliant.	A	First movement seems strangely plodding, wooden; the best improves. Some ragged (relatively) string playing.
BEETHOVEN, "BATTLE SYMPHONY" (WELLINGTON'S VICTORY): KING STEPHAN OV. Janssen Symph. of Los Angeles, Janssen. Artist JS 14 *(3 plastic)*	Very dead, in familiar West Coast manner, but ultra-wide range, sharp, clear instrumental effects, fine surfaces. Good "show" record.	*AA*	An entertaining work, and its last section has very typical Beeth. writing, not bad at all. Silly to throw hands in horror over this. Enjoy it for what it is. King S. a bit dull.
BERLIOZ, ROMEO ET JULIETTE, Op. 17 (EXC.). NBC Symphony, Toscanini. Victor DM 1160 (3) Victor DV 7 *(3 plastic)*	Yep, in my copies at least, the shellac is superior: better highs, clearer, not much more noise. A stunning recording (esp. in loud parts!)	A— / *A+*	Toscanini at his absolute best—perfect union of French and Italian temperaments. Intensity where it is most needed, to pull diffuse music together.
SCHUBERT, SYMPHONY No. 9 IN C. NBC Symphony, Toscanini. Victor DM 1167 (6) *Comparison:* (SAME) N. Y. Philharmonic, Bruno Walter. Columbia MM 679 (6)	Both are exceptionally beautiful recordings, spacious, brilliant. V's is louder, bit more brilliant. C's has somewhat wider range, insignificantly in this situation; also lower turnover (more bass).	A / A	T. has clear edge in 1st mvt. But his 2nd & 3rd are appalling: incredibly fast, dry, undignified, unlyric. Walter is superb in these mvts, also in 4th, where T. drives music to near-hysteria. Not in Schubert!
RUSSIAN-AMERICAN			
STRAVINSKY, PASTORALE FOR VIOLIN, WIND QUARTET; RUSSIAN MAIDEN'S SONG. (VI & pf). Szigeti, Stravinsky (pf.) wind quartet. Columbia D72495 (1)	Extraordinarily realistic, wide-range, close-up recording, unbalanced, even ugly, but exciting. In Pastorale S's *breathing* is distinctly audible!	A—	Pastorale a tiny but impressive piece, lyric, undissonant, already widely popular. The maiden is sorrowful, not too inspired. Distinguished personnel.
TCHAIKOVSKY, SYMPHONY No. 1 ("Winter Reveries"). Indianapolis Symphony Orch., Sevitsky. Victor DM 1189 (5)	Best orchestral sound from Victor since war; fine, shimmering liveness, realism. And this with next to no higher highs. Can be done!	A— to B+	An astonishingly alive, accurate performance—a minor orch. to match the majors. This is Tch. for those who tire of repertory works. A good piece.
KHATCHATURIAN, MASQUERADE SUITE. N. Y. Philharmonic, Stokovski. Columbia MM 729 (3)	Resonant, ffrr-like technique here—Stokovski's idea? Distant-mike pick-up, seemingly. High subdued, though present.	A	Skilfully written and orchestrated music of profound dulness. Hepped-up salon stuff.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

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TO LET FOR SUMMER: Beautiful, furnished year around home on Lake Megunticook overlooking mountains, near ocean. Camden, Maine, $1,000. Bradstreet, 23 Pine St., Waltham, Mass.

WRITER resuming his fiction work for screen possibilities, seeks collaborator with better concepts. Box 494-Y.

SPIRITED FEMALE, educated, traveled, a trifle on the romantic side, would welcome correspondence from sentimental male possessing humor and imagination. Box 495-Y.

HARVARD GRADUATE STUDENT (Economics); personable, athletic, wishes summer job. References. Box 496-Y.

HARVARD SENIOR, veteran, seeks interesting summer employment. Personable, industrious, imaginative, French, German, willing to travel, can drive. Box 497-Y.

SPEECH TEACHER, man (vet.), 35, A.B. degree, desires position with study privilege. Philosophy, religion. Go anywhere. Box 498-Y.

PERMANENTLY UNEMCUMBERED COUPLE, English teachers. Masters degree, desires permanent, pleasant, remunerative positions. Available June. Box 497-Y.

COOK: Can I? You decide. Resourceful, experienced woman invites inquiry. Box 500-Y.

YOUNG MAN, college graduate, interested art, theatre, music would correspond with females. Box 501-Y.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest City. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering special week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights). Single room and bath, $12, double room and bath, $17.50, sitting room, bedroom and bath, $23.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

WOULD LIKE POSITION as housekeeper. Good cook, manager. N.Y.C. Box 502-Y.

HONEYMOON SUGGESTIONS featuring 60 resorts and hotels. Send 10c coin or stamps. Dept. J.A., William P. Wolfe, 500 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

MALE, with zest for living, divers interests, desires interesting correspondence with female similarly inclined. Box 504-Y.

ESTABLISHED PUBLISHER designs, produces and distributes selected, privately-printed books. Box 505-Y.

THREE DULL-WITTED, unattractive, lazy females vaguely interested in sluggish correspondence. Anything over six. Box 506-Y.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.45 per carton postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

PERSONALS

TALK FRENCH IN THREE MONTHS (Idiomatic). Beginners, advanced. Parisian. NYC. LAckawanna 4-7451, weekdays.

PHILOSOPHY, psychology interest you? Write Cenacle Press, 101 Warren St., N.Y.C. 7

EXPEDITION FOR BOYS to American Southwest. Recruiting beginning journalists, naturalists, radio operators. Two months of field work under competent staff. Prospectus available. Hillis L. Howie, Community School, 5400 De Mun Avenue, St. Louis 5, Mo.

CAT, DOG, AND HORSE LOVERS should have special issues of National Geographic with magnificent color plates at $2.50 each. Send for free list. Box 390-Y.

THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine. An island Pension. 12th season. Board and room $50 and $45. Only double rooms available. Harold Vinal, 687 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C., until May 7.

SHORE COTTAGE, Bayville, L. I. The place people like to come back to! Bathing, boating, fishing. Rooms, kitchen privileges. Box 297-Y.

YOUR HOBBY, intellectual, sophisticated, or plain pleasant pastime—brings you greater pleasure through Hobby Enterprise, Program. Box 369, GPO, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT- Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal Business assignments, representation undertaken. Nationwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, N.Y.C.

VERMONT SUMMER RENTAL. Old house delightfully remodelled—has brook cascading around it on two sides. Large living room (fireplace) and studio or game room (fireplace) are connected by spacious breezeway. Rural, aloof, unique, inviting. Rent reasonable. Write owner, Prop., Overlia Inn, North Bennington, Vermont.

ONE-ROOM, FURNISHED log cabin. Built 1940. Beautiful mountain setting. 2½ acres. 170 miles from Washington, D. C.; Route 50. $975. Box 516-Y.

EXCHANGE: Madison, Wis., 6-room house for summer (or part) with Los Angeles, Calif., resident. Box 517-Y.

COMPOSER, classical, wants correspondence with unusually intelligent young woman. Box 518-Y.

WRITE THIS GUY for replies matching your style and thoughts. Box 519-Y.

CULTURED, professional gentleman invites ideas from feminine tastes for beautiful gardens. Box 520-Y.

ATTRACTIVE SMALL COTTAGE AND WAGES offered for part-time, out-door work. Near Pawling, N. Y. Box 521-Y.

YOUNG LADY, just emerged from intense study of Kant, invites correspondence about anything but categorical imperative to restore lost sense of humor. Box 522-Y.

MY ARTISTIC FINGERS itching to illustrate, paint, etc., while in Los Angeles hacienda. Box 523-Y.

WHICH GAL, modern and emancipated, charming and affectionate, spontaneous and adventurous, sincere and understanding, fond of living, sunshine, soft music, will open stimulating, provocative correspondence with discriminating gentleman, bewitched by adventure, non-comformist, broadminded. Box 524-Y.

MEDIOCRE YOUNG MAN with some minor redeeming qualities, desires feminine correspondence. Box 525-Y.

ATTENTION LITERARY AGENTS. Manuscript reader; cosmopolitan, acute empathy, for hire. Box 526-Y.

GRADUATING COED desires correspondence from any person on any topic. Box 527-Y.

ENNUIED BY MEN'S COLLEGE I would like femme ideas for a change. Box 528-Y.

UP-STATE EDITOR; capable writer; discontented, pining for urban life, seeks allied field; book store connection; unusual business opportunity. Box 529-Y.

NEUROTICA is ready: The most stimulating literary quarterly in America. Contents: "End of Feeling" (Friedmann); "Why American Homosexuals Marry" (Thornton); "The New Look is the Anxious Look" (anonymous); poetry and stories by Henri Michaux, De Jong, Patchen, Leonard Bernstein, others. Subscribe now! $2 year; 50c copy. NEUROTICA, 4438½ Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONALS

HUSBAND AND WIFE, young, capable, have time, energy—plus $100 to invest. Know of anything good enough? Box 530-Y.

MAN needs job. Experienced secretary, companion. Anywhere. Prefer Washington, D.C. Box 533-Y.

SIMPLE LIFE with all modern conveniences; furnished cottage Pennsylvania Lake, 2,000-foot above sealevel. No hotels; quiet, soul-satisfying. Fishing, boating, riding paradise. May, Oct., $700. Box 531-Y.

YOUNG PERSONALITY CAPTURED ON CANVAS. Be an enduring inspiration in the hearts of your loved ones. Your likeness skillfully portrayed in oils or pastels by highly acclaimed artist who prefers dealing directing with clients saving them dealer's commission. Discriminating Mother's Day gift. Box 532-Y.

ESSENCE OF SPRING. New maple syrup. Gallon, $7.50; Quart, $2.25. Prepaid Third Zone. The Graniches, Wilmington, Vermont.

SITUATION WANTED. Retired executive, available as an estate manager. Excellent health, alert, active, intelligent, refined and single. Unquestioned character references. Box 534-Y.

MALE, college student wants summer position; tutor, chauffeur, companion, etc. Will travel anywhere. Speaks fluent German, French. Box 535-Y.

CALIFORNIA for a year? Los Angeles teacher will lease pleasant 3-bedroom home while on leave. Box 536-Y.

PHOTOGRAPHERS, ATTENTION! Magnesium Fluoride Hard-Coat camera—binocular—scope lenses. Specify make, model, etc., for prices. Box 537-Y.

ALERT, young woman, experienced editorial research, collaboration, ghost-writer, available. Manuscripts expertly typed. N.Y.C. Box 538-Y.

WILL REFINED FEMALE rescue lonely, mature male, emotionally endowed, lover music, cultural life, humor, outdoors. Correspond. Box 539-Y.

EUROPE THIS SUMMER on an American Express escorted all-expense plan tour. Write Box 540-Y.

CHICAGO BOOKSHOP and rental library need full-time permanent assistant. Experience not entirely necessary. Box 61-Y.

REFINED MALE will correspond with refined young lady. Box 400-Y.

YOUNG MAN, college graduate, major in English, 3½ years—retail book store, 1 year—traveler for leading publisher, seeks position, book field not entailing travel. Will locate anywhere. Box 541-Y.

WOMAN, mature, college graduate, business and school experience, widely traveled in U.S., likes children and travel; desires interesting position. Box 542-Y.

THREE ACRES, ocean on three sides. Thirty-five hundred dollars. Rosamond Thaxter, Kittery Point, Maine.

ARTIST OFFERS 16x20 signed oil paintings on canvas, landscapes, marines, only $6 each with order. Conradi, 227 East 33 St., N.Y.C. 16

INVITATION TO DEAFENED SRL readers to correspond, exchange books, plan trips. Box 543-Y.

TO WRITER, COMPOSER OR STUDENT SEEKING ideal spot for creative work or study: Bachelor nearing fifty will share large, comfortable lakeside home, Chicago area, at modest cost. Grand piano, reed organ, both wire and disc recording equipment. Sizeable libraries both books and recordings. Owner gone days. Cheap Chicago transportation available. Box 544-Y.

PIANO REFRESHER COURSE "Brush-Up," planned for you by a talented teacher, a Master of Music, comes to your door. $1 for each lesson. Complete Course—Ten lessons. Send $1 for first lesson to Forjedor Publishing Company, Box 103, College Park Station, Detroit 21, Michigan.

FOR RENT: MT. POCONO, PA. Furnished housekeeping cottage. Four bedrooms (two with running water). Two bathrooms. Maid's room with lavatory. Three fireplaces. Wide porches. Ample grounds. Across Highway from Golf Course. Address M. C. L. Lockwood, Wiscasset Country Club, Mt. Pocono, Pa.

SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT wanted by couple month May. No children, pets. Joseph Shea, Biltmore Theater, Los Angeles, Calif.

MAN who enjoys corresponding invites some one to write long or short letters. Box 300-Y.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 732

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

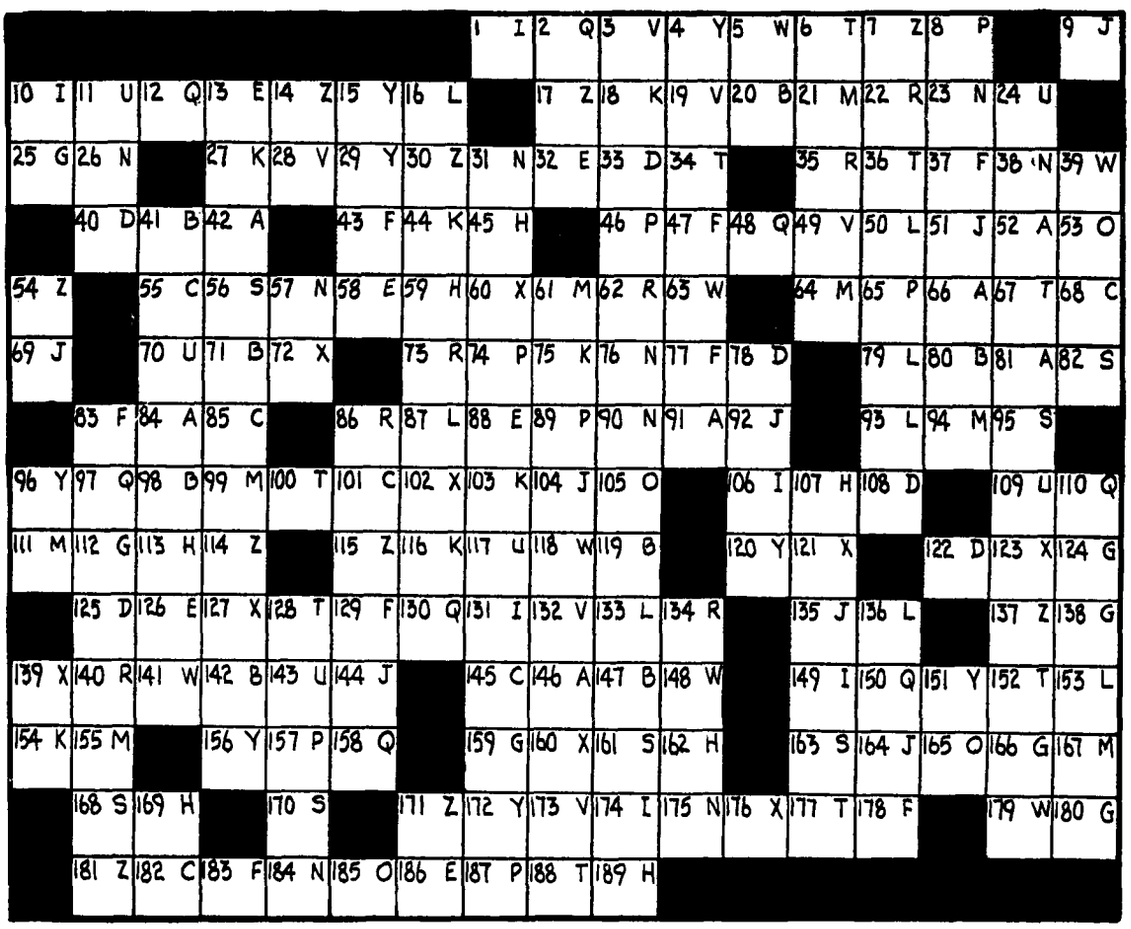
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A variety of vulcanite used for small articles like buttons, etc.	42 52 66 84 146 81 91
B. Pertaining to the second expansion of the artery, during the diastole of the heart (physiol.).	119 80 98 41 71 147 20 142
C. The hospitable host of Dingley Dell ("Pickwick Papers").	145 55 182 101 68 85
D. Bow-shaped.	40 108 125 33 122 78
E Florid; feebly pretentious.	58 126 186 88 32 13
F. Notable living American sculptor (1883-).	47 129 77 183 178 37 83 43
G. A vent from which gases issue forth in the last stage of volcanic activity (geol.).	138 25 180 166 112 159 124
H. Genteel irony (rhetoric).	107 169 45 113 59 162 189
I. Pulitzer Prize winner for poetry, 1936.	1 10 149 106 131 174
J. Barbarously severe or harsh (derived from an Athenian lawgiver).	69 92 51 9 135 144 164 104
K. Any instrumentality for the acquisition of knowledge.	44 75 154 27 103 116 18
L. Uncoils (2 wds.).	79 153 87 16 50 133 93 136
M. Soaring, esp. in spirit.	99 64 167 94 21 61 155 111

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Became consolidated into rock, as from a molten condition or from loose sand.	23 31 184 90 38 26 76 57 175
O. Roman historian, 59 B.C.-17 A.D.	53 185 165 105
P. Somewhat sharp to the taste.	74 46 157 89 187 8 65
Q. Goes beyond; transcends.	150 48 110 130 158 2 12 97
R. Stage surname of the wife of Alfred Duff Cooper.	35 86 134 62 22 140 73
S. Town in Galway, Ireland, scene of a battle, July 12, 1691.	170 168 163 82 95 161 56
T. Competitors in contests who finish next the winners (comp.).	6 36 34 100 152 177 188 67 128
U. A very large tinamou of Southern Brazil and Argentina.	24 70 143 11 109 117
V. Morning songs (poetic) or prayers.	28 173 19 49 3 132
W. Infernal (Bib. origin).	63 148 5 179 118 141 39
X. A stone known to the ancients, possibly our bloodstone.	123 139 127 102 60 160 176 72 121
Y. To sour; embitter.	156 4 15 151 120 96 172 29
Z. Pungent leaves used for salad, or for a garnish, or as an antiscorbutic.	115 137 7 17 30 181 114 54 171 14

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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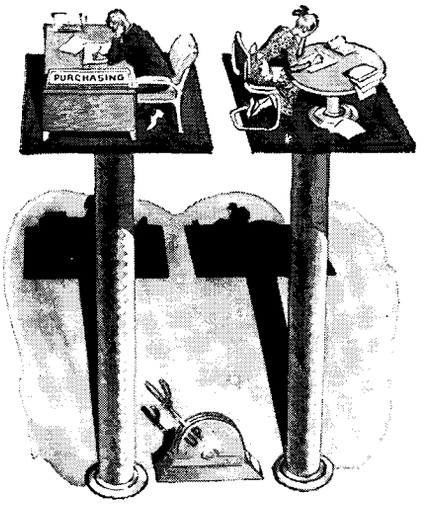
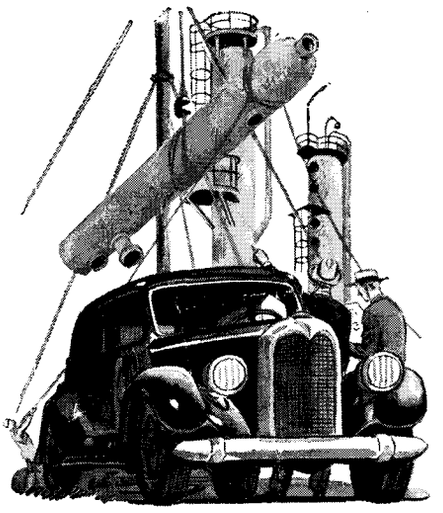
Are present "high profits" justified?

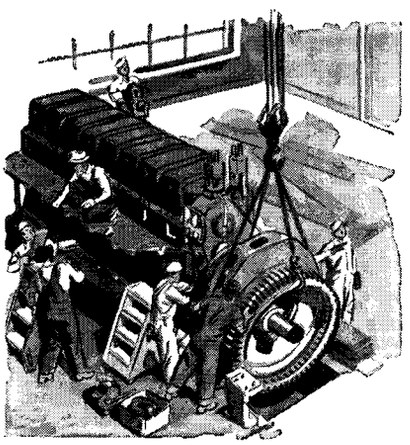
1. During 1947 Union Oil Company made the highest net profit in its history—$18,910,000. That's what the books show. And according to accepted accounting practices that's what happened. But curiously enough, Union Oil actually *spent* $675,000 *more* during 1947 than it *took in.*



2. The facts behind those figures prove rather dramatically that inflation affects a corporation just as much as it does the average housewife. Here's why. According to accepted accounting practices a corporation depreciates its equipment and charges off its inventories on the basis of what they cost *when they were acquired.*



3. For example, if a piece of refining equipment cost us $1,000,000 in 1937 and the estimated life of that equipment was 10 years, we set aside $100,000 a year for 10 years. Then theoretically the money would be available to replace that equipment in 1947. If the crude oil in a given well cost us $1 per barrel to acquire in 1937 and we were able to sell it for $2 in 1947, then theoretically we made $1 profit on each barrel of that oil we sold last year.



4. If 1947 costs and prices had been the same as 1937's—or if we were selling out the business—this method of accounting would give us a true picture of our "profits." But neither of these is the case. That piece of refining equipment had to be replaced *at 1947 prices.* And since we plan to stay in business that barrel of 1937 crude had to be replaced with a barrel of crude we found last year *at 1947 costs.*

1947

COST OF STAYING IN BUSINESS		COST OF DOING BUSINESS	
EXPLORATION FOR OIL . .	$10,337,000	RAW MATERIALS	$49,793,000
RESEARCH	1,761,000	WAGES & SALARIES	31,775,000
DRILLING & DEVELOPMENT OF PROVED FIELDS	16,354,000	TRANSPORTATION	12,845,000
REPLACEMENT OF OLD EQUIPMENT & ADDITION OF NEW	12,746,000	TAXES	7,749,000
INTEREST	1,154,000	RENT, POWER, SUPPLIES, ETC.	21,412,000
DIVIDENDS TO STOCK-HOLDER-OWNERS	6,537,000		$123,574,000
	$48,889,000	**WE PAID OUT . . . . . .**	**$172,463,000**
		WE TOOK IN	**171,788,000**
		BOX SCORE FOR 1947 . .	**—$675,000**

5. Everyone knows that you can't buy things today for what you did before the war. Refining equipment that cost $400 per barrel of daily capacity pre-war cost $1,000 per barrel in 1947. Our cost of drilling for oil in 1947 was 1¾ times what it was pre-war. And the cost of everything we bought from pipe lines to service stations was up proportionately.

6. Since those higher costs of "staying in business" couldn't be included in the sums we'd set aside for depreciation and reserves, we had to dip into our "profits." So when we got all through, not only did our shareholders receive an inadequate return—only 3% of the year's revenue—but our so-called "high profits" weren't high enough by $675,000 to keep Union Oil Company a going concern.

UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA

INCORPORATED IN CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 17, 1890

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles 14, California.

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